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Our European Policy

OVERSHADOWED by the success of the military campaign on the Continent, our European policy has come off second-best in recent discussion. Yet in the long run, the military victory, if it is to bear those political fruits for which it was sought, must be implemented by an equally successful foreign policy. The ultimate objective of that policy should be, of course, the prevention of another war, at least in the foreseeable future. Therefore, it is imperative to look at our foreign policy, particularly with regard to Europe, in the broadest perspective possible.

This is the more necessary as it is only too easy for the American observer to get lost in the maze of what seems to many a highly confusing situation. It was precisely the apparently hopeless hodgepodge of European politics which was one of the major psychological causes of American isolationism.

At the other extreme, we believe that the idealistic internationalism of both some critics and some supporters of the Dumbarton Oaks scheme for world organization is too impractical to cope realistically with the problems confronting us in Europe. The constitutional framework of the international security organization now being charted at San Francisco cannot and will not by itself prevent another war. All it can do is channel the previously irregular play of international politics into a pattern of conduct recognized and observed by all participants. Within that constitutional framework, however, the political game will go on as before. National policies will be determined by national interests. What our national interests are, or should be, vis-à-vis the other nations, and how they

can best be safeguarded or extended, are the immediate issues of foreign policy facing Americans.

A country's foreign policy is necessarily an extension of its domestic policy beyond national boundaries. What we do at home in the postwar world will profoundly affect our foreign policy. If we give in to the reactionary forces of untrammelled and irresponsible capitalism, our foreign policy can only be one of equally untrammelled and irresponsible economic and, if it fails, political imperialism. Our foreign policy would inevitably collide head-on with the foreign policy of socialist Russia, of the progressive European nations and of Great Britain with her new compensatory fiscal economy in the making. With or without a world organization, the danger of another war would be more imminent than ever.

Fortunately, such a development is not inevitable. The progressive forces within the American system of democratic capitalism have a good chance to win in the domestic struggle for power. But it is well to remember that it is not American capital, but American democracy, which is our greatest political asset in our relations with Europe. An intelligent American foreign policy should take account of this asset and act accordingly. If we do not want to alienate the nations with which we must work to maintain the peace we all want, we must not only try to understand existing realities in the European countries, but also to respect their desires and demands. Such understanding and respect would indeed be the application of our democratic way of life to the international scene.

What, then, is the reality of the European situation,

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what are the wishes of the European peoples, and how can we best make our own foreign policy conform to them, without doing harm to our national interests? The immediate task of Europe is obviously economic reconstruction. It is equally obvious that this task can be greatly facilitated by American aid. Our own interest in that reconstruction, moreover, is undeniable. It will mean the creation of a healthy European market for our investment capital and export trade. Because such rehabilitation is possible only through international financial stabilization, the early ratification of the Bretton Woods Agreement is even more important to world peace than American participation in the United Nations security organization.

But if we attempt to use, or rather misuse, our power of the purse in order to make political demands contrary to the wishes of the European peoples, our material aid, both in war and peace, will indeed be in vain. This applies as much to our powerful allies, Russia and Britain, as to the other European nations. For they expect from economic rehabilitation more than just the restoration of the prewar status quo, largely responsible for the rise of fascism and the subsequent bloody catastrophe. The trend in Europe toward some new kind of economy—collectivist here, socialist or mixed there—is unmistakable. That this trend should go in a democratic direction is as much our political responsibility as material aid is our economic responsibility. If we want democracy in Europe—and democracy everywhere is the main bulwark against fascism and war—we must support the democratic forces and refuse our support to the reactionary, neo-fascist and undemocratic elements which are far from being totally defeated.

It may not be easy to determine just which these democratic forces are, particularly in countries that now move in the Russian security orbit. And this difficulty may have been the reason, to a certain extent at least, why our policy has not always been unequivocally pro-democratic in the past. Perhaps the most essential thing to bear in mind is that we should retain a broad view of the meaning of democracy. Our own standards of democracy do not automatically apply, for instance, to the agrarian countries of southeastern Europe. There, just as in China or in colonial areas, democratic government may have to be encouraged from without. This is also true of Germany, where our tutelage is more necessary than elsewhere. In the Western countries, especially France and Italy, all our support should go to the Committees of National Liberation which represent grass-roots democracy at its best.

But our influence will not and cannot be successfully exerted if our policy remains as ambiguous as it has been. Our well justified stand on the Polish issue is devoid of moral strength if we keep in power, through our continued recognition, the fascist Franco regime in Spain, or if we consent to British Tory policy in

Greece and Italy. Similarly, by withholding recognition from the genuinely democratic government set up by the Russians in Austria—apparently for no reason other than a mere technicality—we are actually abdicating the democratic role which we should play in Europe. If we insist on a narrow view of democracy, as in the case of Austria, we are making the Russians the protagonists of Austrian independence.

A forceful pro-democratic policy everywhere is our best bargaining weapon with our great allies whose peacetime coöperation we need in order to prevent another war. Both Russia and Britain are pledged, theoretically at least, to democracy. Therein lies, moreover, the tremendous difference between Nazi nihilism and Soviet socialism, in spite of the Russophobes who would like to lump the two systems together under the concept of "totalitarianism." If we *act* democratically, our moral prestige and our political pressure will be irresistible. The greatest service we can do the Russians, in particular, is to criticize them when they act undemocratically and to insist on the extension of democracy everywhere. Our staunchest friends in this task are the democratic forces, not only in Europe, but also in Asia, particularly in China and India, and in the Americas, especially in Argentina.

American liberals, then, have a clear-cut political program. If it is "One World" we want, we must press for a progressive policy at home and for a democratic policy abroad. After more than two decades of both American and Russian isolation, Teheran marked the end of an epoch. But Teheran, with its intended division of the world into spheres of influence, was not enough. If, on the one hand, it meant the bringing together of the great, formerly isolated powers, it also meant continued distrust among these powers. Yalta was another step in the right direction. It largely meant the scrapping of the sphere-of-influence policy. San Francisco, we hope, is still another step toward international unity.

The United Nations Organization is not an end in itself. But once it is set up, the road will be open to a democratic world order. In this sense the battle of the peace is only beginning.

Military Review

THE STUBBORN JAPANESE of Okinawa are at last embarking on the furious and ill directed attacks with which they usually announce the exhaustion of their military resources, and it cannot now be long before effective resistance there ends. The island has cost our forces heavier casualties than any other in the Pacific, even Guadalcanal, and there will no doubt be a good deal of analysis devoted to techniques and tactics with a view toward cutting them down in future operations. In the meanwhile, it is worth noting that,

whatever the casualties, the success of the campaign is one of the major strategic achievements of the war.

It breaks the inner line of Japanese defense as the capture of Saipan and Guam broke the outer. The product of the Marianas operation and the great air-naval battles that accompanied it was the invasion of the Philippines. Admiral Nimitz himself has recounted that the original intention was to seize a stepping-stone at Yap before attempting the latter, but that the incursion of the fleet into Philippine waters after Guam revealed that the enemy strength had fallen so low as a result of the battles that it was possible to launch MacArthur and his armies at once.

What the capture of Okinawa will lead to is not yet clear and depends a good deal, as did the other case, on the nature of the losses suffered by the Japanese in their futile defense. The specific item that made the Philippine landing possible was the exhaustion of Japanese sea-air strength and damage to their carrier decks, back in June, '44. There is comparatively little information as to what elements of the Japanese *Wehrmacht* have suffered most severely this time, what gaps in their defensive system have been created through which a thrust can be delivered.

Admiral Nimitz has said that for the first time we have Japanese aviation on the down-grade in quantity. (Its quality has never been the same since the Battle of Santa Cruz.) This may be the key fact; but incidentals of the Okinawa campaign indicate that we are by no means finished with Japanese aviation. One of these is the constant attack on the Sakishimas, first by the escort carriers and then by the British. The Sakishimas are obviously the staging point for planes from Formosa, and possibly the Japanese command in China, and important only as such. Now it would clearly be preferable to strike this aviation at its source in Formosa as the planes of metropolitan Japan are being struck in their factories by the B-29's, and for carriers, the operation is no more difficult. Probably the Japanese on Formosa have their hangars and assembly shops so well underground as to be proof against attack from the air—at least while this attack comes in the form of the ordinary carrier strike.

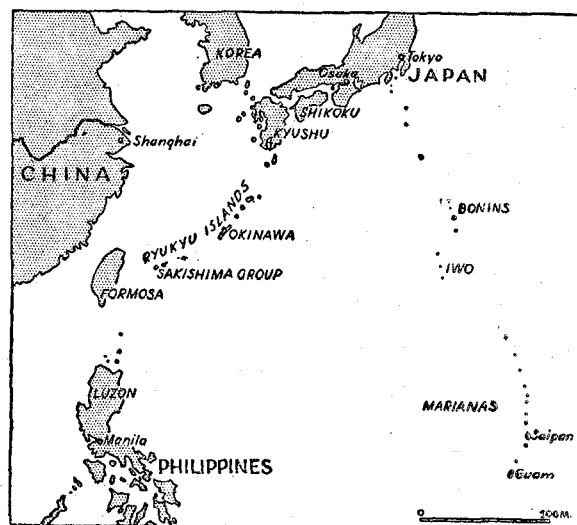
What will happen when the air forces arrive from Europe and begin delivering attacks repeated over a long period is something else again. The whole Pacific war is entering upon an aerial period, due to last for some time—until the troops and weapons can be carried from Europe and the enormous depots of supplies necessary for operations in Japan or on the shores of China can be accumulated. So many factors are involved that no one, probably not even the commanders themselves, can make a precise estimate as to the amount of time this will take. But meanwhile an unrivaled opportunity is offered to the aviation services for the demonstration of their theories, and they are evidently pressing to make the most of it. The cam-

paign against Tarakan looks distinctly like a move undertaken purely at the request of the air forces, to obtain for them a source of fuel nearer the scene of operations. The move has no particular direction in a strategic sense.

The European fliers, however, will find themselves involved in an operation radically different from anything they have undertaken before, and if there are no difficulties and hesitations, it will be marvelous indeed. To mention only one source of these, bombing in the Pacific involves long over-water flights on which navigation of a precision rarely used in Europe will be necessary. Probably an extensive air-sea rescue service will have to be set up for the crews of bombers not quite able to get back to base.

Pacific distances are also bound profoundly to affect the character of the operations. The B-17's and Liberators, which are the long-range strategic bombers of Europe, are short-range tactical planes in terms of the war on Japan, and this calls for a degree of readjustment amounting almost to retraining. During the Caribbean anti-submarine campaign a squadron of experienced British Coastal Command pilots came down to help out, and when they could operate, were extremely useful; but a good part of the squadron was usually out of action with burned motors because the pilots would automatically, without thinking, heat up their engines as for the North Sea.

Which is to say that it is likely to be some time yet before even the preliminary air campaign against Japan can get well under way, and meanwhile the



The Inner Circle Broken

The defense of the stolen empire of Japan was conceived as resting on air operations from a chain of mutually supporting islands. The outer circuit of these islands was broken with the fall of Eniwetok; the secondary wall was breached in the Marianas; and with the fall of Okinawa, the inner circle will be gone. In each successive circle the points have not only been closer to the central base, but also to one another; and much of the difficulty experienced at Okinawa is due to the fact that the relieving aerial forces have been able to counter-attack with such persistence and from so many directions.

war out there will doubtless wear an irritating appearance of quiescence.

Brothers in Arms

The defeated German generals are behaving as if they had lost a battle but not a war. And they are being encouraged in their arrogant attitude by some of our own generals. While the behavior of British and Russian military commanders has been correct, but stern, some of our commanders gave a hearty welcome to Air Marshal Goering, fêted him and gave him the opportunity to prattle to fifty specially assembled reporters the fairy tale of his alleged opposition to Hitler. General Eisenhower has fortunately condemned this conduct, but other German generals are still permitted the ear of the world. General Guderian, Hitler's personal chief of staff, is allowed to criticize his fellow general Rommel, and General Dittmar, once the official voice of the German General Staff, continues his role under Allied auspices. At Flensburg, seat of the suspicious Doenitz government, Marshal Wilhelm Busch claims to be in charge of northwestern Germany, with Allied consent. What it all adds up to is an attempt by the German generals to absolve themselves from any guilt in Germany's war crimes, to escape punishment and lay the basis for their continuance in power. Their political nerve may easily befuddle our own politically naïve generals. While the guilt of individual generals is admittedly a difficult problem, the Allied peoples have a right to demand more dignified conduct on the part of American commanders.

San Francisco Proceeds

In spite of urging by the Latin American bloc and by others of the smaller nations, the conference refused to enlarge the size of the Security Council in order to give them more representation. The Big Five thus retains control of the security machinery in essentially the form outlined at Dumbarton Oaks. This was, in our opinion, inevitable in view of the fact that they wield the necessary military and economic power. Nor do we regard it as essentially undesirable. If a more widely representative system is to be substituted, it should be worked out with more regard to consistency and practicability than representation of existing "sovereign" states or regions composed of them.

Two other important political issues remain at this writing—the status of colonies or mandated territories and the question of regional pacts within the world organization. International trusteeship in some form or other is generally accepted, at least for mandated regions. Russia sprang a surprise in this regard by supporting a pledge of eventual independence and asking to be considered as a mandate power. This is a reasonable position. As for regional or other security treaties, we believe it desirable that all should be subordi-

nate to the world security organization, but we fear that this policy will not be acceptable to the Soviet Union, at least until its confidence in world collective security has been reinforced by years of experience.

Abolish the Two-Thirds Rule

The House of Representatives has now passed and sent to the Senate a resolution calling for a constitutional amendment to revise our present treaty-making system. By the overwhelming vote of 288 to 88, the House went on record in favor of having treaty decisions made by a majority of the membership of both Houses of Congress instead of by two-thirds of the Senate. The plan will not go into effect, of course, unless it is ratified by three-fourths of the states as well.

But the next hurdle to thus democratizing our foreign policy is the Senate, which continues to be jealous of its traditional powers. Isolationist Republicans and Southern Democrats will battle together to keep their present privileged position. In spite of a stream of witnesses who have made it clear that there never was any sound political theory behind the two-thirds clause, and that whatever practical reasons brought about its adoption disappeared long ago, the Senate Judiciary Committee has voted against making any recommendation on a constitutional amendment until after the war. A strong show of public support for this amendment will be needed to change these gentlemen's minds and force consideration of the matter in the Senate as soon as the United Nations charter has been acted upon.

Reconversion Plans

The report on reconversion policy which has been issued by Reconversion Director Fred Vinson repeats previous promises that there will be no widespread relaxation of wartime economic controls at the end of the European war. Readjustment to peacetime ways will come slowly: price, wage and production controls will be relaxed gradually as war and the threat of inflation subside.

But beyond this, the Vinson report is not reassuring. The plans for forestalling unemployment following war-production cutbacks are inadequate. As the CIO Reconversion Committee points out, the report "mirrors only the narrow interests of each of the war agencies without the over-all perspective which the War Mobilization and Reconversion Act requires that Director Vinson take in the interest of the whole nation." Labor charges that the War Production Board is not prepared for an orderly channeling of materials to guarantee maximum employment during reconversion. Broad concessions on price increases are being made, allowing price-ceiling rises on evidence of increased costs, while, according to the criticism made

by Ted Silvey, CIO reconversion expert, the Vinson report makes "only trifling reference to the great need to increase wages to compensate both for increased cost of living and increased productivity."

Cutbacks are coming swiftly now, and plans for directing reconversion must be rounded out even more swiftly if great suffering is to be avoided.

Trimming the Budget

Cutting several billion dollars off governmental expenditures for war, by reducing shipping and other military production schedules, is the natural accompaniment of victory in Europe. The narrow view of this action is to be glad because it is possible to reduce government spending. Almost equally narrow is the opinion that the action is to be regretted because it will begin to knock the props from under active business and employment. We should all be glad, but only because it is now possible to devote to the needs of peace the labor and equipment which has been released from destructive purposes. We should at the same time take extreme care that this productive power does not lie idle. If private enterprise can mobilize its use for legitimate peacetime needs, good. But if it cannot do so, government now has an opportunity to direct spending so that the labor and resources may be employed for rebuilding of a better world and a better nation.

Attack on the NLRB

Organized labor's enemies in Congress are pushing hard for three riders to the current appropriations bill for the National Labor Relations Board. They are:

1. The "Frey rider," to prevent the NLRB from spending funds in any case in which a contract has been signed for more than three months—designed to prevent NLRB intervention against employer attempts to dominate or break unions.
2. A rider to prevent the expenditure of NLRB funds in any case involving the food-processing industry.
3. A rider to prevent expenditures in any case involving foremen.

CIO President Philip Murray has publicly charged that these riders are the result of "a dangerous and well organized conspiracy" to destroy the Wagner Labor Relations Act. Centers of the attack, Murray says, are the "Michigan automotive lobby, the powerful food lobby and Senator W. Lee 'Pappy' O'Daniel, a leader of the Christian-American movement." In addition to the special privileges sought in these riders, the leaders of this drive are working for a \$3,348,000 cut in the Board's appropriations for next year, which would mean a 22-percent reduction in staff and a virtual breakdown of operations.

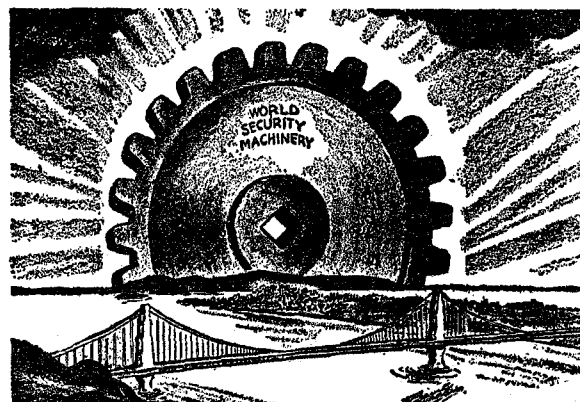
President Murray has alerted all CIO affiliates to the danger. Friends of organized labor can get to

work on their own congressmen and on the members of the Appropriations Committees.

In Justice to Mr. Hayek

In the *New Republic* for April 23 there appeared an editorial paragraph entitled "Poor Mr. Hayek," which contained one misstatement of fact and several other sentences which, while not literally incorrect, are open to misinterpretation. We therefore hasten to set the record straight. Mr. Hayek was not a refugee from Austria, but went to England on invitation to accept an academic post. His present success, which we called "late," is so only in a sense relative to his record as a scholar and writer; he is still in his middle years. He came to the United States on invitation from the University of Chicago and to talk to other academic groups. It remains true, as we said, that he is being pushed by chambers of commerce, big-business and advertising interests, which are creating a huge demand for *The Road to Serfdom* by bulk orders, but that was not his purpose in visiting this country, and we never intended to imply that it was. We believe on good grounds, as we stated, that his book has exercised little influence on British opinion and policy, but it should be added that it has a good sale there—as is now true of almost any important book on almost any subject.

We do not wish to alter the essential opinions expressed in the editorial. Mr. Hayek's work, though long recognized as technically competent by his academic peers, is based on premises which do not in many cases accord with reality. Its conclusions have not been accepted by many of the more influential economists, and it has done little to check the progress of economic theory and practice in a direction which he deplors. He has been erected into a leader of the reaction in the United States, not by his academic friends, but by business interests who use his doctrine as a defense of practices which do not accord, in some important respects, with those which he approves. We do not begrudge him the rewards of his success, but in view of his scholarly standards, we should expect him to regard it, if he understood its motives and sources, as an indignity.



Russell in The
Los Angeles Times

Sunrise Over the Golden Gate

For a Responsible Press

THERE IS nothing in our civilization more precious than freedom of the press, and almost no liberty that has been more abused. The words are cheapened by being employed as a defense of the business practices of newspaper publishers when they fall afoul of the anti-trust laws, or struggle to prevent the organization of their employees for collective bargaining. With some honorable exceptions, the big newspapers and magazines are used to further the interests and opinions of their owners, who are big businessmen, rather than being the expression of responsible editors and writers.

In spite of this, most correspondents or even reporters of minor rank have an excellent code of their own, which does credit to the profession. They will not knowingly write an untruth; verified facts are carefully distinguished in their reports from rumors. They are eager to discover and publish any news which might be of interest to the public, no matter what other interest its publication might offend. Yet they will not print information voluntarily revealed to them in confidence by responsible persons. During the war they have, on the whole, justified the trust placed in them by military leaders; few military secrets have leaked out before the proper time.

The "beat" obtained by the Associated Press on the German surrender at Reims obviously violated both this code and the interests of national and international security. The correspondents who were allowed to be present were pledged to secrecy until a time officially set for release; all of them, and all of the others to whom the information was relayed, observed this pledge except the representative of the Associated Press. This makes his excuse that he thought he was free to send the dispatch look pretty flimsy. Even worse, in our opinion, is the fact that he set himself up as the judge of whether military security was involved, and on the ground that the issue was merely "political" laid General Eisenhower open to the charge of having violated a promise to Marshal Stalin. The world is lucky that the consequences were not worse than they proved to be. Mr. Kennedy might have given the final impetus necessary for the success of the German plot to sow distrust between the Russians and the Western Allies.

Because of the fact that the news was the most important in years, Mr. Kennedy's action may be perhaps understood as a yielding to overwhelming temptation. Not so the action of his home office in releasing the dispatch and defending him for sending it, in view of the plain indications that it was not officially cleared. If anything should have been known to the executives of the Associated Press, it was that neither their organization nor any other would be given a "beat" on news of this magnitude. Their handling of the matter and their final half-hearted apology are a menacing indication that

they are not to be trusted with the public interest and that their view of freedom of the press is an irresponsible one.

The incident itself will in all probability be forgotten, since it did not have a disastrous outcome. Not so, however, its implications. There is a real need now for some extension of the freedom to print news and interpretation from Europe. The Russians do not welcome American newspapermen within their lines, and do not themselves practise what we regard as journalistic liberty. We cannot change their domestic views or practices, but if misunderstanding and distrust are to be avoided, it is desirable that they loosen their restrictions enough to allow some light to come from the regions which they occupy. We can perhaps persuade them to do so if we convince them that our correspondents are responsible and trustworthy. Nothing could have been more unfortunate for this purpose than the surrender incident. Nor is it a help when American reporters violate official instructions by going behind their lines without invitation. There seems to be a tendency for our newspapermen to believe that now the Germans have been conquered they can, in the interest of freedom of the press, act like irresponsible children.

It is not true that the highest value in the world is to make possible the printing of the latest tidbit of information hot off the wires, even though this may be the highest professional ambition of the reporter. The war zones are not seasoned democratic regions, which can take the rough-and-tumble of individualistic journalism in their stride. There is doubtless some ineptitude and some desire to hide embarrassing facts on the part of military authorities, but that does not mean that the press is exempt from the discipline necessary for the survival of democratic life as a whole, especially in the middle of a war which is not yet won. Freedoms exercised irresponsibly are likely to be lost. The great danger to democracy is that the special interests in it are likely to forget that if their common order is to prevail, they must first of all be conscientious citizens.

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A Journal of Opinion

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Common Ground at San Francisco

THE FORCES of mankind which compelled the meeting of nations here on the shores of San Francisco Bay seem to be demonstrating that they are greater than the men who presume to direct them. During the first two weeks of this great endeavor to develop a machine capable of preventing another war, the leaders in command have emerged as anything but inspired and ennobled by their tasks. But, as if to demonstrate that this time the peoples of the world will not be denied in their instinctive search for peace and security, the sum of the accumulated works of these leaders already eclipses the men themselves.

This is not to say that any one of the hundreds of advisers, consultants, correspondents and onlookers who are clinging to the edges of this conference is convinced that the work of these opening days approaches a millennial degree of success. Rather the converse is true. But still, the surprise of the second week of the meeting has been the facility with which the United States, Russia, Great Britain and China were able to find common ground and a common platform for joint revisions of the formulas developed at Dumbarton Oaks.

One American official doing technical work for the delegations expressed this element of surprise: "A week ago I said it could not be done. I still say so. But now it is done—on the agreements over most of the really technical and difficult problems."

The 24 amendments, on which the great powers managed to achieve a meeting of minds and interests, were announced over the week-end during which the war in Europe was falling apart. V-E Day had been feared by many pessimists here as the signal for the loosening of the tie which has held the Big Four together, and the beginning of a drift away from great-power unity. The success with which the powers moved through these days of heady victory in Europe toward firm establishment of joint action toward collective objectives in the postwar era, has been one of the truly heartening developments of the past seven days.

This success is surely not the result of any efforts by the leaders of the great-power delegations. It may, perhaps, be attributed in part to the fact that the initial work proceeded in an aura of cynicism generated by the auspicious beginnings and jolting failures of the past. This cynicism seems fitting at such a conference as the one here in the shadow of the Golden Gate. The world has been too disappointed during this war by the fluency of words in the pronouncements of United Nations leaders. The time for pronouncements on objectives is running out. Here at San Francisco, the delegates already are well aware of the objectives. The world is calling for machinery to attain them.

And a healthy cynicism about the nature of the machine will be well advised until some time after it comes off the drafting boards.

Most of the close observers here have been anything but inspired by the collective foibles and failures of the diplomatic leaders. There was little inspiration in the spectacle of Secretary of State Stettinius making his stand against Russia in behalf of the fascist colonels of Argentina who are now principals in a shotgun marriage with the nations who have fought this war. There was even less inspiration in the penthouse session where Stettinius and Anthony Eden, after hours of talk, finally drew from the Soviet Foreign Commissar the belated disclosure that the Russian government had incarcerated 16 Polish political leaders.

The people here who are putting their full faith and hope in the creation of an effective international peace-keeping machine aren't attempting to judge either of these cases. But right or wrong on Argentina and Poland, they are certain that neither issue should have been dragged into the conference hall to mar the work that has been made sacred by the death of millions of men and women in this war. They are certain that when the sum of this conference is totaled, the world will have little interest in Stettinius' insistence that Argentina's presence was required to maintain unity in the hemisphere, or in Molotov's arguments that the Polish politicians were arrested for diversive action against the Red Army. The people will remember only that Poland was excluded and that Argentina was admitted. And because that will rankle in many memories, the diplomats will now have to build the more solidly and convincingly to justify their presence here.

The news that the Big Four had reached agreement on a platform of amendments came at a moment when good news was desperately needed. On that Saturday morning, the conference had been staggered by the breakdown of the United States-British-Russian efforts to evolve a new Polish government under the Crimea formula. The constitution of a new amendment formula on which the great powers could agree in six short meetings was remarkable. Considering the stormy atmosphere over Poland and Argentina in which the meetings occurred, it was amazing.

The amendments which came out of Stettinius' penthouse were in no respect ideal. The American Secretary of State obviously is heading into trouble with the Latin American delegates when he attempts to win their support for the amendment on freedom of action for regional security agencies—which adds up to no freedom at all, from the Latin point of view, for the inter-American system in executing the pledges of Chapultepec. And Senator Vandenberg, who privately

has been seeing Russian bears under his bed at the Fairmont Hotel, is running storm signals over the differences between his interpretation and that of Commissar Molotov of the amendment which would permit the projected world assembly to "recommend measures for the peaceful adjustment of any situations, regardless of origin, which it deems likely to impair the general welfare or friendly relations among nations. . . ."

Molotov drew blood quickly when he commented—after approving that amendment—that it might well provide a loophole for Germany to escape retribution for her crimes in this war. Vandenberg said his amendment dealt with other subjects and he had no doubt that the Poles in his constituency in Michigan knew what other subjects he had in mind. But Molotov's remark was still pertinent.

Whether the Big Four amendment platform can survive the sniping and head-on attacks from the lesser powers remains to be seen. But in so far as a platform has been provided as a point of departure for the conference work, a notable victory has been gained. That achievement left unsettled only two issues of major dimensions: the question of devising a trusteeship for dependent and strategic areas, and the extent to which great nations will be able to exercise veto powers over issues not involving economic or military sanctions.

Again Molotov directed a blast of fresh air through the conference when he stepped into the trusteeship tangle between Great Britain and the United States. Molotov still likes to talk bluntly, and Lord Cranborne must certainly have felt the weight of the Commissar's words when he said frankly that "we must first of all see to it that dependent countries are enabled as soon as possible to take the path of national independence," and served notice that "the Soviet delegation will take an active part in the consideration of this problem in its entirety." Such frank talk was the best calculated means of breaking up the hesitant approaches which the American delegation had been making to the United Kingdom's bland emphasis on development of economic and social rights in dependent areas and dismissal of the more important right of political development toward the goal of independence.

In anxiety over issues still unresolved, sight must not be lost of the important strides toward statements for basic human rights accomplished during those six long sessions in the Fairmont penthouse. Assuming, as the four principal foreign ministers do, that the peace will have to be kept for the next 15 to 25 years principally by the Big Four, the strengthening of the social and economic aspects of the charter for peace-keeping may well become the most immediately important element of what is devised here.

It was Russia, it developed to the chagrin of those who had been conducting the familiar witch-hunt, which proposed and insisted that the first chapter of

the Dumbarton Oaks plan be amended to include a pledge for "encouragement of respect for human rights and for fundamental freedoms for all without distinction as to race, language, religion or sex." It was Russia, too, which forced in the similar amendment to Chapter V on the General Assembly and to Chapter IX on arrangements for international economic and social coöperation. Molotov finally apologized for not pushing harder in behalf of his amendments on the right to work and the right to an education, but admitted that the conferees may have been right in their aversion to spelling out specific rights in the broad framework of the charter itself. But one can well imagine the diplomatists in some future Geneva arguing in committee or before the Assembly the nuances of applying those amendments—if they are adopted by the plenary conference.

It was at American instance, however, that the provision was worked into the ninth chapter of the Dumbarton Oaks plan for translating the projected Economic and Social Council into something more than another pronouncement of objectives. The amendment for the creation of commissions on human rights and cultural activity represents a great advance, but in the frame provided by the great-power-amendment platform, it is still only the scaffolding inside which a structure must be built from the stuff of real life.

Specialists on the American delegation insist, however, that this was merely the formalism of a beginning—that a series of additional amendments proposed by Canada is to get United States backing for ultimate appearance in the final draft of the charter. There is, of course, the well drafted plan not yet officially espoused by the American delegation, to create an interim commission of the Economic and Social Council to get its work under way immediately upon adjournment of this conference. There is the plan to give the Council power to initiate model conventions on economic problems for the nations of the world.

The case for a strong economic development alongside the framework of peace-keeping was put most strongly here by Michael Francis Forde, the Deputy Prime Minister of Australia. Forde was speaking for a tremendous section of the world when he promised that "we will suggest the inclusion in the charter of an undertaking by which all members of the organization will pledge themselves to take appropriate action, both national and international, for the purpose of securing for all peoples, including their own, improved labor standards, economic advancement and social security; and, as part of that pledge, to take appropriate action through the instrumentality of the General Assembly, the Economic and Social Council, the International Labor Organization and such other bodies as may be brought into relationship with the international organization. We believe that member countries should not only enter into this pledge, but should also accept the

obligation to render reports on the action they are taking to carry it out."

Against that background, Stettinius' statement had a slight dishwater flavor when he cautioned that the Four Freedoms cannot be achieved overnight and that "it will require long years of effort and struggle." If the late Franklin Roosevelt had taken the same approach to his original goal of building 50,000 airplanes annually, the United Nations would still be fighting inside the bastion of England.

But these economic and social amendments are definitely and certainly blazing a new trail into the international economic jungle—even though no one at San

Francisco is sufficiently prophetic to speculate on the ultimate destiny of the Economic and Social Council or of its commissions on economic activity, social activity, cultural activity and the promotion of human rights. In commenting on the great-power amendments, Commander Stassen put great emphasis on the importance of public evaluation of them in the days and weeks which will precede final decision. Stassen was on solid ground. The people of the United States owe it to themselves and to the world to make terribly certain that this conference provides a means of accomplishment for the high objectives it has now enunciated.

San Francisco

THOMAS F. REYNOLDS

Interim Notes on UNCIO

THE END of the European phase of the war has overshadowed the work of UNCIO at San Francisco these past few days. Compared with that gigantic spectacle and all that it means, the stately quadrille of the diplomats here by the Golden Gate seems pale indeed. Yet this is obviously a short and superficial view; just as this war was planned, however unconsciously, at Versailles in 1919, so the work that is being done today will help or retard the likelihood of war in 1970. Terrible as it is, and hard as it is for the participants to endure, the effort involved in fighting and winning is as nothing compared to the effort of thinking about the causes of war and determining to end them. For the record, then, let it be said that thus far at San Francisco almost nothing has been said, and nothing at all has been done, about the causes of war, about trying to prevent conflicts before they start, not afterward. This conference is in the position of a doctor who earnestly puts an ice bag on the brow of someone with typhoid fever; it hasn't yet got around to the idea of getting the typhoid germs out of the milk or water supply, or wherever they are lurking.

On that lower level, the conference is doing well. Most of the press continues to ignore the fact that the area of agreement (within the terms of the conference aims) is far larger than the area of disagreement. Yet few informed persons would have predicted a month ago that the success achieved by now would be as substantial as is in fact the case. I do not believe that any one of the powers has given up anything really vital; yet certainly some of them have shown a surprising readiness to retreat from their original positions—notably, I should say, the Russians.

One real problem was, of course, how to fit special regional agreements, such as Russia's treaties with France, Czecho-Slovakia, etc., to say nothing of the Act of Chapultepec, into the framework of the new security organization. The formula achieved, that these

regional agreements shall remain in effect until the worldwide council has proved itself strong enough to take over, seems sensible, and is certainly the best that can be had at present.

As to trusteeships, at the moment of writing the only point at issue is that between the American and British plans. America wants trusteeships of areas important for reasons of military safety, where the trustee power shall not be subject to scrutiny by the trustee committee of the general organization, and other trusteeships of areas where there are large natural resources, or important native populations, where the trustee power shall be closely watched by the special committee; Great Britain wants no such distinctions drawn between one type of trusteeship and another. Certainly it would seem advisable to give the world organization the maximum possible degree of authority; we ought not to repeat what Japan did after the last war, when she locked up her mandated territories and secretly fortified them. Presumably the language of the American plan is a sop to the army and navy, which wanted to take the outlying Japanese islands in perpetuity. But whatever the language, the fact is that we shall continue for a long time to hold these islands; that Australia and New Zealand, and perhaps the Netherlands, will take similar territories south of the Equator; that no Allied country with mandates from the last war will give up any of them. These matters were all determined long before the San Francisco conference opened.

It is well known that Russia wants to take part of East Prussia for herself, and give Poland the rest of it, as well as eastern Silesia and Pomerania as far as the Oder. France, Belgium and the Netherlands want the Saar, the Ruhr and the Rhineland taken from Germany and either divided among themselves or in some way internationalized. Does the trusteeship plan cover all these regions too? I can find nobody at San Francisco who will say so; theoretically, of course, this conference has nothing to do with any specific territorial

question. Yet the plain language of the amendment would seem to suggest that European as well as Asiatic areas are included.

Mr. Vandenberg's Proposals.—Senator Vandenberg came to San Francisco filled with a burning desire to have the new organization empowered to look into past as well as future treaties which, with the hindsight of future experience, may come to seem undesirable. Has he won or lost this fight? Russia, at the hour of writing, has refused to permit past treaties to be reexamined, arguing that this would be an incitement to enemy countries to try to better their position by breaking down the war settlements. On the other hand, another amendment says that the Security Council may examine anything not of a purely domestic character which seems likely to threaten the peace of the world or the principles underlying the new organization.

(Query: Is India's desire for freedom a domestic question for Britain alone? Or an international matter of which the Security Council may take cognizance? A lot of people would like to know.)

How Senator Vandenberg feels about the whole matter, I am not authorized to say. I very much doubt, however, that he will object to the outcome so much that he will feel obliged to oppose ratification in the Senate—in which calamitous event the United States would probably stay out. Mr. Vandenberg knows that any of the Big Five could, in any case, under its veto in the Security Council, protect from investigation any matter it wished.

Russia's Bad Public Relations.—On May 8, the issue of Polish representation, and the cognate question of the 16 Polish leaders arrested by the Russians, still hung darkly over the conference. Either or both of them may have been settled before these words are printed; but whether they are or not, they constitute no invincible obstacle to success here. With the passage of time, a feeling seems to be growing that the Russians may have a better case against the arrested men, or some of them, than most people thought in the first hot reaction to the long delayed news of the arrest. It is always difficult to convey to the people of other countries the thoughts, emotions and fundamental point of view of any one nation, and this is preëminently true of the Russians. Nobody in the world ever needed so badly the services of an Edward L. Bernays to try to inform the world what they are getting at; and nobody ever seemed so calmly unaware of that fact. Of course, no public-relations council can compensate for actual wrongdoing on the part of a government; but there seems no doubt that the Russians often have a better case than they are able—or willing—to take the trouble to make public. But in any event, the conference will not split up over this. There is certainly anti-Russian sentiment in a good many delegations here, and still more of it among some of the propaganda agencies which are working around the edges of the gathering.

But in the major delegations, whatever anti-Russian sentiment exists is being subordinated, for the present at least, to the desire to get on with the job of world organization.

The French Cool Off.—I may be wrong, but I feel that the seething resentment of the French during the first days of the conference is beginning to moderate somewhat. Much of that resentment was surely well grounded; France has been kicked around for years in a manner totally unjustified by the facts about her resistance to Germany or her potential strength as one of the leaders of the second-rank powers. Now she is working as one of the Big Five; her apprehension about seizure of French territory for permanent military bases by other powers—the United States for one—is being moderated; her claims to German territory on the Rhine are getting respectful consideration. Whether her policy toward Germany is wise in terms of a possible third world war, I doubt; but it is no worse in this respect than that of the Big Three, and certainly we have no right to demand that France refrain from participating in our own follies.

The middle-sized and small powers continue to smolder with resentment of their inferior role, and to want to do something about it; but it seems quite certain that their wishes will not be granted. The Big Three have determined that they will rule the world, and keep down their former enemies, for a long time to come, and they are stacking the cards so that there shall be no illusions about this fact. Yet the other nations can, if they will, play a tremendous part in the creation of that permanent peace which, as I have said, is not even on the agenda at San Francisco. They can work through the Social and Economic Council of 18 members, elected by the Assembly, which might grapple with the causes of war instead of trying, as the Security Council will do, to suppress its more visible symptoms. Some at least of these smaller powers—Australia for one—recognize and are prepared to accept this opportunity.

Trouble after V-J Day.—A few days ago, it was neither the spectacular war successes nor the progress of the conference that made the big black headlines in the San Francisco newspapers, but the news that President Truman had ordered a cut in the production of war material, which might affect the Bay region. Henry Kaiser, visibly alarmed lest a panic rush toward peacetime jobs should start, hastened to the public with an announcement that ships are still badly needed. But the incident served to emphasize a real problem which, when Japan joins Germany in surrender, will be serious everywhere and catastrophic on the Pacific Coast. Hundreds of thousands of people are doing war work in this region for whom as yet no peacetime jobs are in sight. Plans are being made to help them, but there is no evidence that these plans are in any way commensurate with the size of the problem.

San Francisco

BRUCE BLIVEN

The Crisis in France

FRANCE is like a sick woman surrounded by loving friends who conspire to hide from her the extent of her illness. Fretful, sensitive to insult or imagined affront, proud yet demanding, she is unwilling to admit herself weaker than the strong men around her. We respect her feelings; we have reproved Dr. Smuts for his tactless prognosis that she will never be a great power again: We say, "No, no, you were never defeated!" and we acquiesce in all the polite conventions by which a stricken nation is helped to recover its strength and soul. But France has a place in Europe and the world. What she is and will be, affects us all. It is important for us, her allies, to recognize without sentimentality the changes which have taken place in her since the liberation, and the conflicts still going on inside her.

"The trouble is that nobody in France says what's at the back of his mind," said M. Jean Schlumberger of *Figaro* the other day. Discretion in relation to French politics is as much a home as a foreign product. Everybody is now a Gaullist, from the Communists who, in Thorez's words, are "a party of the government" to yesterday's Pétainists and plain collaborationists who see in de Gaulle the man of law and order. But almost everyone is a Gaullist with an "*arrière-pensée*." And that is natural. De Gaulle as the symbol of liberation united all parties in the simple program—to liberate. Now, he aspires to be the symbol of reconstruction, a word which to the Communist Tillon means something different from what it means to the right-wing Louis Marin. Happily for de Gaulle, both the Right and the Left see in him some kind of safeguard against the other, and the product of their forces is, for him, stability. The uncertain factor remains the Communist Party, which believes that it can best serve France's recovery by aligning itself, at all costs, in support of Soviet foreign policy. De Gaulle regards the Communist Party as the only political party worthy of his respect. Behind it are the prestige and the popularity of the Soviet Union; ahead of it is a radical social and economic program which will carry with it the workers of France; and as the chief anti-Nazi, annexationist and flag-waving patriotic party with strong local organizations, it has both the *panache* and the machine to win elections. But as long as de Gaulle's foreign policy is in harmony with Moscow's, the Communist Party will continue to serve as his candid friend.

Beneath this lid of national unity, various resentments are boiling up. The conflict between Mendès-France, Minister of National Economy, and René Plevén, Minister of Finance, which ended in Mendès-France's resignation, illustrates the point that a coal-

ition by its nature can agree on a policy such as liberation, in which everyone has something to gain, but not on a policy such as nationalization, in which someone has something to lose. Mendès-France, a young radical patriot who sailed on the *Massilia* in 1940 to continue the fight in North Africa, wanted to carry out the economic program of the Committee of Liberation, as stated by Giacobbi, Minister of Production, on July 21, 1944. He wanted, in short, to introduce a planned economy with control of credit: and as an immediate measure he wanted to stop the present inflation by drastic confiscation of collaborators' fortunes, levies and control of spending. Plevén, an Anglophile who was a businessman in London at the time of France's collapse, objected to the application of this left-wing program, although there is no record that he opposed its theoretical statement in Algiers. His triumph over Mendès-France represents the immediate victory of the conservative elements over those who wanted the Fourth Republic to be ushered in by a new French Revolution. The Resistance press said goodbye to the resigning Minister with polite and affectionate regrets; only the *Canard Enchaîné* let out a quack at the winner. But on the whole, there was less comment than this significant struggle deserved. As *Figaro* said, "*Personne ne livre le fond de sa pensée*" ("No one lays bare his innermost thoughts").

The issue on which Mendès-France fought has been made no less acute by Plevén's taking over his job. The purchasing power of the franc grows daily less: wages can't catch up with prices; and the people of the towns, and in many of the provinces, are hungry. Lack of transport is no longer the chief cause of the food shortage; the peasants have begun to hoard conservable products, and sell their surplus only through illegal channels. The black market is really tolerated by a weak administration as a free market where all but the poorest have to buy in order to live. The poorest starve. In Paris there is growing bitterness against the government's failure to distribute food fairly. "The only difference between life under the Germans and life today," said a speaker at a huge hunger protest meeting held at the Salle de la Mutualité by the Bakers' Trade Union, "is that today we pay more for our forged ration cards." In the provinces, where adequate transport helped the circulation of food during the Occupation, Vichyites fan the discontent of those who are now worse-fed than then. The French have picked on Ramadier, the Food Minister, as their whipping boy; they call him Ramadan—after the long Moslem fast; they suggest punishing the Germans by making him their Food Minister. The women who demonstrate with their empty shopping baskets in Paris

and the South of France find an emotional satisfaction in shouting, "Ramadier!" But their contempt for the Food Minister is only part of the general lack of esteem in which the government is held, from the Left to the Right. The government is tolerated; it is not loved.

By way of retort, the government—a nominated one, let us remember—shows little sensitivity to popular feeling. When the Consultative Assembly voted against continuing subsidies to the Confessional Schools—the Catholic schools reintroduced by Vichy—M. Tietgen, Minister of Information, insisted on maintaining them, at least till July 15. This, together with de Gaulle's complaint about the "lack of men" in the Assembly, has strengthened the general opinion that France is still far from having recovered her means of democratic expression. Even the press, particularly the Resistance press, now tends more and more to express a purely editorial view which is strongly influenced by the Ministry of Information. We should certainly disabuse ourselves of any idea that the Resistance has any reality as a coordinated political force. At its strongest, it was a chain of individuals, each of whom knew only a handful of links in the chain. The Resistance has demobilized itself; and the Resistants have returned to their affiliations of party or private interest.

Nor does de Gaulle encourage the parties to regain their political activity. "Let the bidding of the parties be silent: and the bidding of the vested interests. . . . We will flatten those who stand in our way," said the General in a speech that was relayed by loudspeakers on Easter Monday to gaping crowds on the Paris boulevards. Already, during that day, he had watched a march-past of more than a hundred reconstituted regiments of the French army; the word "*Gloire!*" had resounded all over the Place de la Concorde; the tricolors had flapped in the wind at the top of their long poles; and the Parisians had stood forty-deep to cheer. France will save herself by her own efforts, said the General as his troops marched by in their brand-new American-supplied uniforms. It was a happy celebration, though a GI or two was heard to complain sourly that de Gaulle was having a march-past while American boys were dying on the other side of the Rhine. When evening came and the clear air was untainted by the smell of food or tobacco (because there are hardly any public restaurants or cigarettes now) and the Parisians were hungry, they began to think about this question of a large army and glory and France's relations with her allies. De Gaulle wants an army of two million. He wants France to "make herself felt abroad" (*s'imposer à l'étranger*). That is the language of the professional soldier, whose personal sympathies with socially conscious traditionalism have already shown themselves in the matter of the Confessional Schools and whose preference for authority over the party system showed itself in the order: "*Silence*

aux surenchères des partis"—"Let the party bidding be silent!"

The mass of the French people, including the peasants, isn't attracted by the idea of a big standing army. The women don't need to be economists to understand that a big army means the absence of their menfolk from home: the industrialists and peasants know that men in barracks mean that many fewer in factories and fields; and the ordinary Frenchman feels that a big army usually means foreign adventures and war. France wants security; she wants a solution of her economic troubles; she wants a decent life, surrounded by friends. But the General, having rattled the sword to scare the dragon, is still rattling it, and is beginning to scare France.

"For Democracy and the Republic!" Under this slogan a monster demonstration sponsored by the CGT (the French trade-union organization whose reputation, tarnished before the war, was cleansed during the Occupation) will be held on July 14. Louis Saillant, its secretary-general and Resistance leader, has already made one or two protests against the General's high-handedness. It remains to be seen whether the "*défilé*" on July 14 will win more enthusiasm than de Gaulle's military parades.

Above all, the French people want an end of the system of privileged classes which the de Gaulle government seems to have embalmed rather than abolished. During the long German occupation, it was a virtue to lack social sense—to deal in the black market, to print false currency and to sabotage in administration. Anti-social habits die hard, and the selfish habits of the last four years still find a climate favorable for their growth. The gasoline shortage holds up food transport; but the Rue Daunou is crowded with the cars of French officials outside the fashionable Club Français, formerly Ciro's. The French workers have only had one wafer of meat in the last two months and no milk or butter; but the rich—that is to say, the men who engaged in trade and industry during the last four years—still eat five-course meals, in black-market restaurants. The purge in France has only skimmed the surface of those who had mercenary communication with the enemy. A real purge demands a fundamental transformation of French life in the manner envisaged by the Committee of Liberation before June 6, 1944. That purge can't take place yet, because among the office-holders—including those newly arrived from abroad—there are too many who think that henceforth all they have to do is to sit back and enjoy their privileged position.

With British and American help, de Gaulle will be able to mitigate the difficulties of France's internal situation. If and when the General Election takes place after the return of the prisoners, we can expect that the French people will be able to give their own answers on the social and economic questions now being

answered for them by de Gaulle. They might well differ from the solutions of the General.

"Each generation has its task. Ours has found in its cradle a heritage difficult to support; the recreation of our armies, the reconstitution of our war material, the uplifting of our country's soul from the depressions of its days of misfortune, the revival of faith in the future of France. . . . For a nation, there are two kinds of peace—the peace one sues for, and the peace one imposes by a firm and worthy attitude."

Memorable words, spoken by the General—General Boulanger, "General Révanche," the idol of France whose war-cry was "Alsace-Lorraine" and who was indicted in the 1880's for high treason against the Republic. These fine words have a modern ring; but

the finest phrases of generals when they ascend the rostrum are mistrusted by Republicans. Boulanger gave the French people all the circuses they wanted, and if it hadn't been for his vanity, he might have achieved his ambitions. De Gaulle is a political general with a prestige that Boulanger never had—the prestige of success. But the success which he achieved by the happy coincidence of his return to France and the victories of Allied armies, aided by the Resistance, will not preserve his popularity, unless it is reinforced by social and economic achievement at home.

De Gaulle is giving France the circuses which she always enjoys. But today, louder than the fanfares of the circuses, is the cry of the people for bread.

Paris

MAURICE EDELMAN

New York Free-for-All

WITH A FIORELLIAN flourish, on AP V-E Day minus one, Mayor F. H. LaGuardia announced that he would not seek reelection for a fourth term as New York City's chief executive. As a result, the motley coalition which has supported him for three terms—Republicans, New Deal Democrats, independents, Communists—finds itself divided into a dozen quarreling little sects with almost as many candidates, ready and willing, if not able, to fill his shoes.

Long before his announcement it was evident that the unity of the LaGuardia-Fusion forces had been severely shaken. After twelve long and difficult years, this was not a surprise. At almost every point in his administration, President Roosevelt, a far more graceful politician, experienced similar difficulties in holding together his ill assorted group of supporters. Sooner or later it was inevitable that a public figure so violent, brilliant, earnest, strong-willed, domineering and outspoken as LaGuardia should have won the enmity of a sizable group of professional politicians and amateur good-government-leaguers.

But even his bitterest enemies—and he has a flair for making them very bitter—will acknowledge that LaGuardia has given New York an honest and relatively efficient municipal reform administration. To those interested in preserving the accomplishments of the last decade the immediate question becomes: Can New York retain good government without LaGuardia?

Had LaGuardia intended to bewilder his friends and confound his enemies, he could not have chosen a better method than simply to say he was not a candidate. It took about a week for the full effects of this delayed-action political bomb to be felt. But there is scarcely a politician in the big city who is not suffering shell-shock as a result. Politicians, of course, are extremely agile and in time no doubt they will all be-

come adjusted to the fact that fiery little Fiorello is not guarding the public till. At the moment, however, they still do not know where they are going. Although subject to change without notice, these are the first results of the LaGuardia announcement:

1. A mad scramble has begun within the ranks of the power-hungry Democrats and Republicans to find a winning candidate. The Mayor of New York has a huge amount of patronage to dispense, including some jobs paying \$10,000 and \$15,000 per year. Within the city's confines, the Mayor is the source of more lucrative political employment than either the federal or the state government.
2. Some Democratic bosses, almost unbearably cocky since FDR's restraining influence is no longer present, feel that there is little to prevent their return to power (except possibly the conflicting ambitions of their followers).
3. The newly formed Liberal Party and the American Labor Party no longer enjoy the balance-of-power influence which they had under both Roosevelt and LaGuardia. A month ago the Democrats sought concessions from them. For the present at least, the situation is reversed.
4. The Republicans, with only 328,395 enrolled members compared to the Democrats' 1,117,789, find themselves almost as much of a minority in New York City as the Liberal Party and the ALP.

New York City mayoralty campaigns are always extraordinary affairs. The present race promises to be no different. Besides the local issues involved, it provides the first real test of political sentiment since the death of President Roosevelt and the final military phases of the European war. As in most other American election campaigns by the time the voters are ready to choose, the issues will have been blurred, the candidates will be behaving like raving idiots and the various racial districts of the city will resemble armed camps. Conducted on a huge scale, New York's cam-

paign this year is expected to cost as much as \$3 million. In intensity it will differ little from a national election.

It has become traditional for politically conscious New Yorkers to take their elections seriously and wage them furiously. A candidate was once defeated in the closing days of a campaign because of a tract written as a youngster criticizing the Jews, although his opinions had certainly changed since then. Even an adroit campaigner like LaGuardia, thrown off balance, has made some serious mistakes. One of the most notable was at an outdoor rally in 1941 when he casually referred to Governor Lehman as a "goniff" (Yiddish for thief). It nearly cost him the election.

If again this year the question of "money honesty" becomes the dominant issue, as it has been in the three previous campaigns, the local Democrats have themselves to blame. Samuel Seabury, the growling old man of civic reform, observed recently, in trying to get the GOP nomination for LaGuardia, that "Tammany is still Tammany." He understated the case.

In the old days, when some benighted soul charged graft, the Tammany district leader would deliver him a little homily. Were not the poor fed well on Thanksgiving? Wasn't the alderman ever ready to help out the wayward neighborhood youth who thoughtlessly had hit an old woman on the head and emptied her purse of its contents? Couldn't a man always pick up an honest five-spot for his vote when the November elections rolled around? What more could you ask?

It's true times have changed. Tammany has moved from its musty old headquarters at Union Square to a modern, midtown office building. It has hired the high-priced publicity firm of Russell H. Potter Associates, Inc., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, to handle its public relations. Its earnest and well meaning chairman, Edward V. Loughlin, speaks in terms of a "revitalized" and "streamlined" New York Democracy, dedicated to the late President Roosevelt's program of New Deal reform.

But somehow Loughlin's social vision has not penetrated down to the clubhouse boys, who are still the backbone of the party. Unbelievers, they have become calloused to charges of political immorality. Accusations of intimate relations with the underworld merit only a "So what?" One Democratic big shot tells friends that the "newspaper boys," as he affectionately calls them, have Frank Costello, the slot-machine czar, "all wrong." "At heart," this leader says, "he is not a half-bad guy." Another of the top men was reported recently to have had luncheon with Frank Erickson, the kingpin bookie. He denied the story but snarled at reporters, "What if I did? I'm proud of my friends."

Many Brooklyn Democrats, whose machine has been less publicized and consequently has remained more intact than the Manhattan organization, share the same disdain for good government.

The Democratic Party's failure to clean house after twelve years' absence from office does not automatically deck LaGuardia with a halo. But no evaluation of his administration would be complete without recognition of the forces that he has been up against.

It will be unfortunate for New Yorkers—and for the nation as a whole, since New York is such an excellent political laboratory—if for the fourth time the elemental question of honesty in government must serve as the major issue between the candidates. Yet unless the Democratic borough bosses should unexpectedly change character and join forces with clean-government elements to support some outstanding progressive, of which the city has an abundance, this must be the inevitable result.

Despite his avowed withdrawal, politics being what it is, there is always the possibility that LaGuardia may yet emerge as a candidate to bring some order out of the city's political chaos. In any campaign conducted on a higher level than that of mere financial integrity, he would prove extremely vulnerable. Not only have many of his tactics been dictatorial, but fundamentally his administration has become conservative. Except for a health-insurance program still in the planning stages, he has long since ceased to move forward on the social front. Evidence of his present attitude is best illustrated by his 1944 and 1945 budget messages. In these his greatest emphasis was on reduction of real-estate taxes rather than postwar extension of social services.

As a young man in Congress, Fiorello LaGuardia lined up on the liberal side of almost every fight. His best friend and teacher was the late Senator Norris. But as Mayor in recent years he has shown a tendency toward rigidity and resentment at pressure from liberal and left-wing sources. For several years he carried on a running battle with social workers who were alarmed at the growing rise in juvenile delinquency. He was in an almost continuous fight with educators who resented his persistent efforts to dominate the Board of Education. He conceded little to city civil-service employees who have sought a decent wage standard, comparable to what their fellow workers have been earning in private, wartime industry. Firemen who dared fight his fiats on bonuses and salary adjustments found themselves exiled to engine-house Siberias.

On the fundamental issue of civil liberties LaGuardia's record shows a steady decline. When the Board of Education turned down Mark Starr, the brilliant labor educator, for the post of city adult-education director, the Mayor was outraged. But he did not wax caustic until after the Board had irretrievably committed itself. In the Bertrand Russell ouster from City College of New York, because of his views on sex and religion, the Mayor failed even once to champion the noted scholar.

When the case of Patrolman Drew came to public attention, LaGuardia resisted all efforts to have him removed from the police department and even joined in the infamous whitewash. This was the case in which the police officer was found to possess huge quantities of anti-Semitic literature, presumably to have been distributed under the auspices of the so-called Christian Front.

Serious as these criticisms are, they in no way diminish the huge accomplishments of the Fusion administration. For LaGuardia started from scratch. The city was in bad financial shape, suffering from hardening of the political arteries after decades of uninterrupted Tammany corruption. Today New York City, surprising as it might seem under a reform administration considered radical in its beginning, is in good financial shape.

Not the least of LaGuardia's accomplishments, with the aid of his early associates, was the adoption of the broad city charter. It centralized control in the top city officials and cut the props from under the party bosses and wardheelers. (There are several serious criticisms of the charter advanced by political scientists, but they cannot be adequately dealt with here.)

In the face of strenuous opposition LaGuardia held firm against those who would abolish Proportional Representation, which remains a bulwark for political minorities. He built up from nothing an excellent city radio station and a community cultural center. His administration was responsible for notable advances in the promotion of transcontinental and transoceanic air travel, mainly through the establishment of LaGuardia Field, with its vast technical facilities, and the huge Idlewild airport, still under construction.

The real test of whether reform government can survive in New York, under LaGuardia or anyone else, depends on how it meets the fundamental questions of postwar reconstruction. The needs of this huge, unplanned, sprawling metropolis are greater than ever.

But the tendency in recent years has been to tackle them piecemeal. There has been a fierce battle in progress for some time between Park Commissioner Moses and several of the city's leading housing experts and architects, over nearly every postwar planning problem. Moses' approach to public planning appears to be limited by what he thinks private industry can or wants to do. His opponents, on the whole, believe plans ought to be laid and then both private and federal agencies called upon to execute them. LaGuardia has attempted to steer a middle course between the two groups, although leaning toward Moses' side during recent years.

Further complicating the question of postwar planning is the fact that in the ten-year period preceding the war New York State has been suffering a steady

decline in both commerce and industry. Fewer new manufacturing establishments were being opened. Many were leaving for lower wage areas. Workers were earning less money proportionately in New York than elsewhere. The decline, while general, was most evident in the clothing and printing industries.

Many factors make it costly to operate in New York:

Bad housing still exists in large sections of the city, with the result that workers, whenever they have the funds, prefer to move to suburban areas. Overcrowded and poorly ventilated subways, plus exceptionally bad street traffic conditions, inadequate parking and loading space also contribute to making the city industrially undesirable.

In addition to these local conditions, other cities, such as New Orleans, offer strong competition to New York as a port. According to the Port of New York Authority, one out of every ten persons gainfully employed in the city is directly or indirectly dependent on the Port for a livelihood. But after the war, air freight, for example, can be flown directly from Dayton to Denmark without bothering to load or unload in New York. Employment is likely to suffer.

If New York is to retain its unique position after the war, Clarence S. Stein, a prominent architect, writing for the Citizens' Housing Council, lists the improvements it needs in addition to slum clearance, nurseries, community centers, health depots and a vast number of other social services: a new street system, a completely revised express-highway set-up; adequate off-the-street parking space; extension of the park and playgrounds program; attractive shopping centers away from the crowded work centers; gardens, airy factories, and spreading of industry throughout the boroughs in order to avoid subway use as much as possible.

Most visitors to New York are struck with the grim ugliness of two-thirds of the subway system. This is the one city service which has consistently operated at a loss. The real-estate interests want the five-cent fare raised, not to improve the rapid-transit system but to reduce taxes. Subway improvements are not expected to figure in the campaign, however. No politician could risk advocating a higher fare or higher real-estate taxes.

The City Planning Commission and Mayor LaGuardia have already worked out a huge program of postwar public improvements, to cost an estimated \$1,270 million, covering some of the items listed above. Whoever the next mayor is, one of his first problems will be to find out how much the Truman administration is ready to help New York City.

Any adequate program will be costly. But under the city's financial set-up, with a funded debt of more than \$3 billion and constitutional restrictions on its taxing powers, it frequently has been found necessary to choose between inadequate maintenance of existing institutions and insufficient outlay for needed improve-

ments. There is no inclination evident in any quarter to alter the tax structure.

How to effect these improvements might well provide the basis of an intelligent political campaign. In this respect the Liberal Party and the ALP, which together polled more than 800,000 votes in 1944, can still exert a tremendous influence on the other parties.

A host of candidates are already available, ranging all the way from Judge Samuel Rosenman to a suggestion that Jimmy Walker might run again—as one wit pointed out, on an “honest-graft” ticket. In addition to LaGuardia, the two names most frequently mentioned are those of District Attorney William O'Dwyer of Brooklyn and Controller Joseph McGoldrick.

O'Dwyer was active in exposing Brooklyn's ill famed Murder, Inc. A member of the Allied Control Commission in Italy, more recently he was appointed

by President Roosevelt as head of the War Refugee Board. He has frequently been at odds with his borough boss, Frank V. Kelly, but mainly on personal matters and such things as political appointments.

McGoldrick is a former Columbia University professor, quiet, sedate and scholarly. He has a good record as a liberal and has conducted his highly important office competently. Recently he and LaGuardia have parted company with some harsh words on both sides. He is almost certain of Republican support and is looked on favorably by the Liberal Party.

There are undoubtedly others, and a dark horse may yet emerge. Certainly after twelve years of political education under the New Deal and a worldwide war for democracy, it would be a sad commentary if New Yorkers found that municipal reform depended on one man alone.

ROBERT G. SPIVACK

The Little Trapezes

THE MILE-LONG BUILDING of weather-beaten brick with its endless rows of black windows stretched away ahead of us as we drove through the gate of the veterans' hospital grounds. At the first fork in the drive a little stone plaza opened the way to a life-size bronze of a 1918 doughboy in the characteristic battle pose, with one foot forward, knees slightly flexed, bayonet outthrust. My two boys stared at this figure from the back seat as we drove past.

“Funny looking helmet,” one of them commented.

Soon we began to pass little groups of patients and visitors strolling on the walks and lawns. Alone and in pairs, patients were sitting on the green wooden park benches enjoying the warm sun. Their flimsy gray-and-white striped robes flapped gently in the spring breeze.

“Why are those men walking around in their bathrobes and pajamas?” the younger boy wanted to know.

“They're patients in the hospital here,” I explained. “They're sick, I mean, or they've been sick, and this is where the doctors and nurses take care of them. Probably they have to stay in bed a lot of the time, so they like to come out when they can.”

“Yes, but why don't they get dressed before they come outdoors?”

“Why should they, when it's warm out?” the older boy said sharply. It seemed a good answer.

The walks got more and more crowded as we came nearer the hospital entrance. Faces streamed past us—mostly pale faces with gray heads above the gray robes. But here and there a youthful face slid into focus as we drove along.

As soon as I parked the car the boys pushed out and raced for an open stretch of grass with the ball and bat they brought along. I called them back to tell them

I'd be gone about an hour, and to be careful. Then I walked over to the hospital and went inside.

To get to the ward I was looking for I had a long walk down a narrow corridor with a stone floor and unfinished brick walls. Out one window I passed I could see the brightly painted steel girders and new, flesh-colored brick of a big wing under construction. Up and down the corridors people stood or walked slowly, often in pairs, sometimes in little groups. Many of the visitors were paunchy Legionnaires wearing their blue-and-yellow, overseas-style caps.

Up close, the contrast between generations was striking. You got it from the visitors as well as from the patients themselves, from the voices as well as from the faces. Where there was a group of visitors instead of just one or two, the gray-robed figure in the center of the group was likely to be one of the younger men. Then the talk would be higher pitched and louder; sometimes it sounded lively and gay, like the noise of conversation at a party.

That was the way the talk sounded in the ward I went into. All the men in here were new veterans. My young friend was lying on his stomach, propped up on his elbows. He doesn't have to lie like that all the time, he told me, but he's more comfortable that way. I went around to the end of the bed, so we could see each other while we talked. The lines of his husky body were plainly outlined under the thin cover. The arch of his back, because of the way he was lying, made his shoulders look broad and powerful. The big oval of his face was full and untroubled and boyish. His voice was quiet and calm.

All the boys here were in about the same boat, he said. They were all paralyzed from the waist or hips

down by wounds involving the spinal cord. Of course, some of them were worse off than the others.

As we visited carefully about family and friends at first, I looked around. The beds were pretty close together; you could reach out easily and touch the one next to you. The paint on the furniture and walls was a fresh light gray; you could smell its newness mixed with the clean hospital smell. There were attractive green-figured curtains on the big windows at the end of the ward.

The room was pretty well filled with visitors. Most of the boys had lived in or around the city, my friend explained, and of course they had family and friends in to visit them often. There was only room for one visitor's chair for each bed, I noticed, so in many cases visitors stood facing each other, ranged down both sides of the bed of the boy they were visiting. I watched one boy as he turned his face from side to side to take in everything that was being said while his visitors talked across him this way; his head pivoted back and forth like a spectator's at a tennis match.

All but one or two of the beds had shining steel superstructures or frameworks rigged over them. From each framework a little trapeze-like bar dropped down on chains to a place about over the boy's chest. Now and then I would see a boy reach out to grasp the trapeze and pull himself up to a sitting position, or turn over on his side. It looked like an easy and fairly comfortable way to manage. Hanging by a few of the beds, including my friend's, were bottles or jars to which small rubber tubes were attached. Idly as we visited I traced my friend's tube away from its bottle. The meaning of this arrangement dawned on me suddenly as I saw that the tube disappeared under the bedclothes; for a moment I was flooded with an intense upsurge of helpless anger at this crowning indignity of his wound.

My friend reached out his hand and tapped a new magazine that was lying on the table by his bed.

"Read this?" he asked.

I knew what he was talking about. The magazine had a critical article about the Veterans' Administration's failure to provide for the fast growth of its medical-care load. I nodded.

"Well, we're getting good care here—the best, I think," the boy said quietly. "We even get treatments—things like therapy and massage—that we didn't get in the army." He hesitated.

"But what?" I suggested.

"The boys here mainly have one thing on their minds," he went on evenly. "We've been unloaded. Of course, we know why. We're going to need care—maybe in bed—for a long time, and the army has to let go somewhere. They can't stay with us all the way, with so many others coming. But still, it makes a difference." He reached out his hand again and grasped one of the steel supports of his trapeze.

"Take a thing like this," he said, and his voice was soft and pleasant. "You can see how much it helps fellows like us. I've been here since the first of the year." He nodded toward a bed in the corner, "and he's been here since last October. Know when we got these?" He shook the steel support hard, so I could see the whole bed vibrate, but his voice never rose from its calm, pleasant tone.

"Thursday," he said. "Last Thursday. Naturally, we know you can't get stuff like this overnight. But they told us why it took so long to get these trapezes. The army had priority on this kind of equipment, they told us. Well, we think we should have priority too. As much as the army, anyway."

I said I thought so, too. He told me a few other things. One boy could sit up in bed if he had the right kind of harness, but he didn't get it. There were sixteen beds here, in a ward that was meant for twelve. Some of the little things they needed had been furnished by a man who lost a boy in this war and had taken an interest in their ward, my friend said. They were grateful, of course, but it was somehow disquieting that these needs weren't filled routinely.

"It's not very important, I suppose," the boy said after we'd talked about it for quite a while, "as long as we're getting all the doctoring we should have. That's the big thing." Then he came back to the point he made to begin with.

"We've been unloaded," he said. "That's all right. We had to be unloaded. But we don't have to be forgotten too!"

A bell rang outside the ward. There was a brisk flurry of movement at each bed, a changing pattern of color and motion down the room as coats were picked up and put on. The voices rose to a higher pitch. I said goodbye to my friend and walked away from his bed. The little trapezes were rocking jerkily on their chains all around the ward after the boys had pulled themselves up to say goodbye. There was a bottleneck at the door, where everybody going out was turning around to wave once more. As I left the room I could hear voices calling back to the boys in bed. "See you Tuesday!" the voices said, and "See you next Sunday!" Along the hall, visitors were trickling quietly out of the wards full of older men—men from the other war.

When I got outside again, I had to look around for my boys. They had abandoned their ball game and were playing on some old wooden bleachers down by the parade ground. They were flushed and dirty, and I could see that they'd been having a good time.

We nosed into the line of cars winding away from the hospital. The breeze had quickened a little, and the patients still out on the walks hugged their gray robes tightly around their bodies to keep them from whipping open. It's a gesture that makes a man look thin.

ROBERT MARIS

Washington Notes

Truman, Reconversion and Congress

THE FLAGS are no longer at half-mast and Harry S. Truman has now been President for more than a month. On the whole he has done a trying job ably and with dignity, but he is still on trial. He has held three formal press conferences and two "quickies." His manner has been crisp and assured. So far he has had it easy, because there has been momentous news to give, and he has escaped sharp questioning. Roosevelt used to say that he got a sense of what the public was thinking from the correspondents' questions; Truman's press conferences so far have not featured the give-and-take of ideas, he has done all the talking.

The honeymoon period is fraying a bit at the edges but it is still going on. A conference with Churchill soon, and maybe Stalin, is likely. There has been a notable, deep-seated, stiffening of the public attitude toward Russia and at times it has seemed that Soviet leaders were trying to throw away Washington's good will. This is reflected in a much more hard-boiled attitude at the White House and Downing Street. Meanwhile Mr. Truman is getting his executive machinery in running order. He is putting the stamp of his personality on the White House both in personnel and decoration. The newly-painted Oval Study last week had its first replacements from the Roosevelt ship pictures: a solitary presentation painting of Simon Bolivar and a statuette of Andrew Jackson.

I think Truman is much more attractive as informal talker than orator. At his press conference, just before his V-E Day broadcast, he urged international coöperation and used one trite little phrase about San Francisco so naturally and sincerely that I find I have remembered it while I have forgotten his formal address. All he said was that the European war is over, and "we can go the wrong way now, and spoil the whole thing." Well, that isn't much to quote, maybe, but Truman said it with deep earnestness and the very inadequacy of the phrase made it stick.

I can't remember when Washington has had more news. Every government agency is getting out its transition formula. These are the plans that will guide America till Japan is licked. My information is that Japan made a real surrender offer, but not one for unconditional surrender, which is the only thing we will take. So the war will go on.

The government bureaus and departments are making a more creditable showing of preparedness for the great shift than is Congress. Mobilization Director Fred Vinson's summary of the new war situation, "Phase Two," gave the information on civilian readjustments that everyone wanted; the army was ready with its demobilization "point" system; other big agencies revealed they were prepared for the problems ahead. But not Congress.

For example, the \$96 million Willow Run plant is just about to shut down, and in a Senate subcommittee report last week, Chairman O'Mahoney announced, "The question of what to do with the tremendous capacity to produce which the government has created is wholly unanswered."

Well, whose fault is that? In 1943 Congress abolished Roosevelt's postwar planning agency, the National Resources Planning Board, and substituted committees of its own to do the job, notably Senator George's Committee on Postwar Economic Policy and Planning. Congress virtually took over responsibility and left the United States almost alone among nations with no over-all planning agency. The George Committee hasn't done much in two years except write one reconversion act, and Mr. George's chief personal contribution has been to see that unemployment compensation goes under state, not federal, control, which he did by blocking the Murray-Kilgore bill.

George doesn't think much of advance planning. He is a "sound" Senator of the old school. Conservative columnists hinted that he would be the new Secretary of the Treasury under Truman. Now Senator George is running true to form. The European war is over and he wants immediate tax slashes to aid corporations in addition to the five-point plan. The Treasury and Mr. Vinson cry out in alarm. This would be suicidal, they say, with the present threat of inflation and the amount of business profits. (Mr. Vinson estimated that the total cost of reconversion for all war plants would be "not more than \$3 billion," against business reserves set aside for the purpose of "\$20 billion.") The Keynes-Hansen-Beveridge theory is, of course, that you levy high taxes at boom-periods like this, and let up on taxes during hard times. But it was for sponsoring just such wild ideas as this that Congress abolished the NRPB.

I said last week, in this column, that I thought congressmen should be paid higher salaries but that they should first put their legislative house in order. The prankish House has now voted itself salary increases of \$2,500 each, in the form of extra expense money, and done it under the following extraordinary circumstances: they carefully avoided a roll-call vote, made the increase tax-free, defied the unwritten rule that legislators should not increase salaries of incumbents and actually made the boost retroactive to last January, linked the higher stipend to no internal procedural reform, and finally pushed the whole thing through with a haste that was almost amusing. They did it, furthermore, at a time when three million federal workers are asking higher wages; when the Little Steel formula is under attack, and when the whole issue of inflation is in doubt. I am afraid this column too frequently criticizes Congress. But gosh, what can one do?

Notes.—The Senate probably won't pay much attention to the House demand for a share in ratifying treaties; the House vote was overwhelming, 288 to 88, but you can't start a constitutional amendment without Senate consent and the Senate won't give up its favorite prerogative. . . . Federal Loan Administrator Snyder, now sitting in Jesse Jones's old place, made a favorable impression at his first press conference. . . . Matthew Woll, vice-president of the AFL, president of the AFL "Tariff League" and the labor leader than whom none more irritates this ill tempered correspondent, told the House Ways and Means Committee last week to kill the reciprocal-trade-agreements program: the trade-agreement law, he says, injures labor and is unconstitutional.

Washington

T. R. B.

Dream Furlough

THE FAIRY-TALE KIND of soldier's furlough described in "The Clock" starts in Pennsylvania Station when a sweet, pretty office worker (Judy Garland) breaks a heel stumbling over the foot of a corporal (Robert Walker), who has just been driven back into the station by his first frightened impression of skyscrapers. He coaxes the girl into spending the day sightseeing with him, and that night, after they have kissed for the first time in a Central Park glade, they are given a lift into the city by a milkman (James Gleason), whom they eventually have to help through his deliveries. During the next day they lose each other in a subway rush, find each other just as the heartbroken soldier is about to return to camp, decide to marry, manage to do so just before the City Hall closes, and part at the station the next morning with the soldier on his way overseas.

The movie is dominated by the desire to be neatly pleasant and pretty, and truthful only so far as will not basically disturb the neatness, pleasantness and prettiness. The furlough without an empty, disappointing, lonely, distasteful or fearful moment is as hard to believe as is the portrait of New Yorkers as relaxed, daisy-faced, accommodating people who send champagne to soldiers in restaurants. Most of the story is the sensation-filled, laugh-hungry, coincidence-ridden affair a gag writer would invent, and probably the hardest fact to swallow is the film's inability to show anything in its lovers that might indicate that their marriage would ever turn out to be any less blissful than their two-day courtship. Mainly because of the direction of Vincente Minnelli, "The Clock," though, is riddled as few movies are with carefully, skillfully used intelligence and love for people and for movie making, and is made with a more flexible and original use of the medium than any other recent film.

One of the most awesome and emotionally accurate scenes in years is the lovers' kiss in the park, which is enlarged with so much suggestion of fatality and importance—in the slowness with which they approach each other, in the heroically stated movement toward each other, in the close-up of Walker's face, sculptured and blocked by a fearful lighting and the grandeur of the sense with which he looks at the girl—that it projects the feeling of their love out of slightness into monumentality. A similar expansion of meaning occurs in a church scene (they have wandered in after somebody else's wedding, and after their own in the City Hall), with the lovers reading in turn from a prayer-book that is still open at the marriage service. The scene is shot in a few protracted, leaden close-ups, and the words are weighted heavily with the lovers' understanding of them. With the exception of some syrupy kissing expressions of Miss Garland's, some equally lush lighting and a great deal of unforgivable music intoning the growing pains of love, the movie is unusually good in its treatment of love, sex, or both. Walker's stroking of the girl's hand at one point is beautifully tentative, ungainly and oppressive; the breakfast scene after the wedding night swims in a feeling of consummation.

The movie continually mixes accurate and far less accurate images—the kind of illumination that operates in the scenes mentioned above with the most academic overexplaining and oversimplifying of movie tradition. The girl

makes a nice observation in the park scene, that the city at its most quiet is never completely so, which is proved by exploding the sound track with the noises of New York's entire transportation facilities—the elevated, two railroad systems, a police car, several ships and private automobiles. The City Hall ceremony not only moves over to the window so that the elevated can be seen running outside, but the elevated is used as noise to drown out the ceremony at the two most obvious moments. The grim let-down after the wedding, with the bride and groom trying to eat a cafeteria dinner, is played in their case as much for despair and fright and exactness as possible, while at the same time a comic eavesdropper is placed dead center in the scene and used throughout with a heavy, gag-intentioned hand. Against some of the best work yet done in Hollywood with extras, there is a scene of a Broadway sidewalk jam with people hurrying by one another like two opposing schools of fish charging in a confined space; and in contrast to all the good reactions are some like Walker's Rip Van Winkle responses to escalators and skyscrapers.

Minnelli's work in this, and in "Meet Me in St. Louis," indicates that he is the most human, skillful director to appear in Hollywood in years. His films have been very soft and sweet, with individual sequences tastefully shaded, filled with sentiment, formed and smoothed to a point where they are without jaggedness or much strength, and are heavy and lush in a compact way. The emotional reactions of his characters are elaborated with unusual care and intelligence, sometimes with great subtlety and always with full roundness and definiteness. His handling of actors produces people who are unusually thoughtful, sensitive and innocent, and free of their most limiting or trademarked qualities—Miss Garland is relaxed, Walker is less boyish, Jimmy Gleason is sweetly meek (the best acting is by Miss Garland, who is often beautiful and always up to the most exacting kind of movie role, and by Lucille Gleason, who turns up a wonderful kind of violent robustness and good humor in the best bit of the year). At his best Minnelli handles crowd scenes so that they have great reality and interest, and he uses romantic photography to good dramatic purpose.

MANNY FARBER

The Bandwagon

The Very Rev. H. C. Robins, dean of Salisbury, suggested today that after the war Britain should teach how much better Boy Scout and similar movements were than the "nonsensical following of a false leader." . . . "Boys and girls in Germany are desperate, miserable and full of false ideas," he said. "The problem in front of civilization is to convert the Hitler Youth movement. I believe it is possible at the right time to send parties of Guides and Scouts to Germany and have parties of Hitler Youth here to show them how wonderful are scouting and guiding." — *From the New York Times.*

It [the new Spanish "bill of rights"] allows the Spaniards freedom of speech, as long as they do not criticize the "fundamental principles" of the Falangist state.

It grants freedom of assembly, for "lawful purposes."

It accords freedom of "religious belief," but bars all religious ceremonies except Catholic. — *AP dispatch from Madrid.*

Clerical Error

Informed Vatican sources said Hitler acted uncivilly to both the present Pope and his predecessor and never sent either of them a cable or personal letter, no matter how solemn the occasion.

These quarters said history will reproach Hitler for his ignorance of the nature and mission of the Church, for his insincere attitude toward the Church and for the persecution of Catholic clergy and high prelates. — *UP dispatch from Rome, printed in the Pittsburgh Press.*

Let 'Em Eat Cake

In my opinion, it's a shame that the children of today can't read the comic strips without being exposed to the facts of life.

I'm referring to "Gasoline Alley." If you're gonna put it on the comic page make it funny, not so disgustingly true to life. — *A letter to the Tampa Morning Tribune.*

On the Home Front

LIBERATION IS IN THE AIR . . .

. . . in the Philippines, in Europe, and right here in our southwick—the *soft-constructed* suit that frees men from the bondage of overstuffed shoulders, canvas stiffening and pinched waistlines. — *Advertisement in the New York Times.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of the New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

Germans and Christians

SIR: American periodicals often reach us overseas a month or two after issue. I have just belatedly read the eulogy of an English clergyman published in an American magazine of wide circulation, written by a well known sports writer. I have been wondering how much its sentiment reflects popular opinion. This hymn of praise was inspired by the occasion of a gift made by the clergyman to six wounded Germans (all grouped as Nazis) in response to a public appeal by another clergyman, for gifts of "books, tobacco, games, etc." The sports writer describes at length the imagined agony of soul suffered by the clergyman, who, before he could make up his mind to send his gift, recalls the "stinking horrors" inflicted by the Nazis on the Poles, Russians, Jews, etc. The eulogy continues: "So must he have wrestled with himself and his nature and his knowledge and his goodness and his Christian anger against the anti-Christ . . . and in the morning he reached his decision and sat him down and prepared a gift package . . . and with it he penned a note and sent it off the next day, this angry, courageous, human and lovable Vicar of Ipswich."

The vicar's note read: "Having seen your tender-hearted request for comforts for the blasphemers of God and butchers of men, I herewith send a small comfort which I am sure will be good for them. I am sorry the tin is not full, but a small dose will do the trick. Respectfully yours, H. G. Green, Vicar, St. Nicholas Church, Ipswich."

The hymn of praise ends: "The box accompanying the letter was labeled 'Rat Poison'."

Having read this story I put the paper down, aghast, staring at it, then read again, the opening sentence: "I have a new hero for you."

"Je-sus Christ!" I exclaimed, though not irreverently, for I am not a professing Christian, but this story shocked me, even as I have been shocked for years by the accounts of horror and atrocities inflicted by the Nazis on their victims; first, those of their own countrymen who did not acquiesce, later in occupied countries, and in prison camps.

And I too wrestled alone in my rooms, not with the question of whether the eighty million Germans are human beings or Nazi fiends, fit only to be fed on rat poison, but whether I was a fool to raise a voice in protest at the un-Christian and ill considered attitude expressed in that eulogy. For is not that the obvious, popular and hysterical attitude of a large proportion of the outraged and decent people of the world today?

I am a physician in the army and have been responsible for the care and treatment of hundreds of German wounded. I am

unalterably opposed to a namby-pamby coddling of these men, who until taken prisoner were out there to kill our own soldiers. But I can't forget that they are human beings and entitled to humane treatment. Some of them would deny that they were Nazis, and some would say they hated Hitler, and some of them would be lying. I have never asked. Here they are getting good medical care, some wrecked in body and mind, some disillusioned, all wretched victims of the most diabolical propaganda and terrorism ever perpetrated by a supposedly civilized nation on its own people and on the outside world. If I were to subscribe to the spirit of the hero-worshiper just quoted, and were to act on my convictions, I would go up to the prison ward and fill the transfusion bottles with rat poison and in so doing place myself on the same level as the Hitler Gauleiters. But I have never entertained this notion. For, obviously, all Germans are not Gauleiters, Gestapo or depraved Nazis. Let us rather be objective, single out the beasts among them, and deliver them to stern justice. As for the rest, let them live to learn the truth, and by the humane example of democratic countries, seek to resurrect a decent commonwealth out of the chaos they have brought upon themselves.

Having wrestled with these thoughts, I seemed to remember vaguely something Christ taught, two thousand years ago, but which has remained unheeded by a goodly proportion of humanity. I have no Bible, so I went to the chaplain and borrowed a New Testament. I asked him where I could find the Sermon on the Mount. It begins with the fifth chapter of St. Matthew, he said. As a non-sectarian, I commend a rereading of it to those who would be without charity, and without mercy, in this time of world crisis.

A MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN ARMED FORCES
Somewhere in France

More About Russia

SIR: Ordinarily I consider it useless to prolong controversies like the one I have recently had with the editors of the *New Republic* [April 16]. Neither my opinion nor yours will be changed by it, and it is very unlikely that any of your readers will be influenced by it either.

But there is one assumption in your reply to my recent letter of resignation [as a contributing editor to the *New Republic*] and in Mr. Eugene Messner's comment on it [April 23], against which I must protest. That is the assumption that I am anti-Russian. I am opposed to the Communist dictatorship in Russia, just as I should be opposed to any dictatorship anywhere, but I am not anti-Russian.

Isn't the truth, rather, that you are pro-Soviet? It seems to me that you tend to employ a double standard of morality, one for judging Russia, and the other for judging all other nations. You condemn Britain for doing, in Greece and the Middle East, precisely what you seem inclined to excuse Russia for doing in Finland, the Baltic states, Poland, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Yugoslavia, Rumania and Bulgaria—namely, taking measures intended to assure their strategic security.

If what Russia has done in Eastern Europe is justifiable on strategic grounds, then I cannot see why what Britain has done in Greece and Arabia is not equally justifiable. I am opposed to *both*. To call my position "anti-Russian" seems to me to come perilously close to substituting slander for an honest answer to my charge that you are pro-Soviet.

New York City

VARIAN FRY

[We never have applied a double standard to the actions of Russia and Great Britain. Both—and the United States as well—have a right to insist, for strategic reasons, that the governments of other nations, strategically important to their defense, shall not be hostile. It is, we believe, to the interest of all of them that the governments of the nations in question be democratic. Truly democratic, anti-fascist governments are not likely to be breeding grounds for intrigue against the great powers.

Russia has not, so far as we are able to judge, interfered with democratic processes in Czecho-Slovakia, Finland and most of the other nations named by Mr. Fry. Poland may be an exception, concerning which the score is not yet complete. On the contrary, Russia has usually intervened, where she has done so, *in favor* of the democratic forces. Certainly she had a reason for being particularly cautious in the case of Poland, which was riddled with fascist, anti-Russian influences before the war. We have not hesitated to criticize Russia for failing to execute the Yalta agreement in this instance, before pressing for Poland's admission to San Francisco.

Britain, under Churchill, did intervene *against* democratic forces in Greece, and not only did so but carried on open warfare against those chiefly responsible for the resistance to Nazism. This policy was heartily disapproved by most Englishmen, not only because it shocked their sensibilities, but because it was stupid. The Greeks against whom Churchill fought were prepared to be England's best and most reliable friends.

Mr. Fry attacked our estimate of the facts in Poland and our opinions concerning them, on the ground that we were without intellectual or moral integrity and were slavishly following the Soviet government. We should never question his intellectual or moral integrity, which is obviously impeccable. As to prejudice, however, we retorted that the shoe is on the other foot. We still think so. It is Mr. Fry's bitter and admitted hostility toward the Soviet government which leads him to take such an extreme position and to attack so intemperately those who honestly differ with him. — THE EDITORS]

Lest We Forget

SIR: We have been listening to the opening of the San Francisco Conference, and hoping, with the voices we hear, that a means to permanent peace will be found. I think we Americans should approach this problem humbly, realizing it is only the good fortune of having been born on an uncrowded continent that gives us our much-mentioned peace-loving qualities.

It was only 100 years ago that our armies, under Generals Zachary Taylor and Winfield Scott, took California from Mexico, by force. No one remembers this now, but Ulysses S. Grant did, when writing his *Memoirs*. He said, "I do not think there was ever a more wicked war than that waged by the United States on Mexico. I thought so at the time, when I was a youngster, only I had not moral courage enough to resign."

An officer in Scott's army was Captain E. Kirby Smith, who declared that American troops acted like savages, pillaging Mexican villages, raping women, shooting down noncombatants on trivial pretexts. "Their coming is dreaded like death in every village in Mexico," he said.

Of course the only point in bringing this up is as a reminder that we are no better than a lot of other people. We have come a long way since then. Let us, in all humility, try to go further.

LOUIS R. HUBER,

Chief Radio Officer,

SS Jefferson City Victory

Somewhere in the Pacific

Farber's Art Criticism

SIR: I never anticipated a day when I should feel impelled to congratulate the *New Republic* upon its art column; yet Manny Farber's debunking of Rouault [May 14] is the first intelligent appraisal of that artist I have encountered. I hope you will give Mr. Farber more space to write about pictures. I make no pretense at agreeing with him always, but he seems to have an eye for quality; it is precisely this which has gone out of the critical world in these fallow times.

New York City

GEORGE L. K. MORRIS

Semantics

SIR: It's of no importance, of course; but Archie MacLeish's idea, which is echoed in Bruce Bliven's article of the May 7 issue, that the United Nations Conference is being held in San Francisco partly for the reason that it be "on the shore of an ocean which is itself named after peace" is an error.

The *Mar Pacifico* was so named by the Spaniards because, when they first saw it, its waters were calm. But this Calm Ocean can kick up the worst storms, monsoons, tempests, tornadoes and typhoons in mortal knowledge. Let this be a warning.

Truro, Mass.

WALDO FRANK

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Dr. Louis I. Bozin, of Detroit, Michigan, writes to us objecting to Mr. Alexander H. Pekelis' references to Rumania in his recent article, "Human Rights: Bill or Agency" [the *New Republic*, April 30]. Dr. Bozin points out that the present Groza government of Rumania instituted the "model" law making it a crime against the state to discriminate socially, politically or economically because of nationality or religion.

An army corporal sends us a copy of a pamphlet, "Blueprint for Peace," about the problems to be dealt with at the San Francisco Conference. The pamphlet was prepared by the Information and Education Staffs of the Army Service Forces Training Center and the 800th Signal Training Regiment of the Signal Corps School at Camp Crowder, Missouri, and was distributed to the entire personnel of the camp. Our correspondent says it represents an "isolated attempt" on the part of the army orientation program to provide information about the conference for distribution to individual soldiers.

The Southern Electoral Reform League is now campaigning actively for repeal of the poll tax in the states still requiring it. Financial help for the campaign is needed. Contributions should be sent to Mary Raoul Millis, Treasurer, Southern Electoral Reform League, 1120 Candler Building, Atlanta 3, Georgia.

New Republic readers in New York State will be interested in an up-to-date tabulation of all New York laws against discrimination, just published as a pamphlet, "It's Against the Law," by the International Labor Defense and the National Negro Congress. Single copies may be obtained free from either organization, the ILD at 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City 3, or the NNC at 307 Lenox Avenue, New York City 27.

Books in Review

Summula Contra Aquinatem

THESE VOLUMES¹ reproduce large sections of the *Summa Theologica*, in the English translation of the Dominican Fathers, with some sections of the *Summa contra Gentiles*. The learned preface, the very useful footnotes and the indices prove that Mr. Pegis and those who helped him are scholars of high standard. Let us read St. Thomas Aquinas. It appears to be very fashionable. Moreover, many great minds have admired St. Thomas, from Dante to Chesterton, Claudel and T. S. Eliot. (Let us note, however, that if Claudel is for St. Thomas, Péguy is against—he prefers Bergson; Chesterton is for St. Thomas, but another paradoxical man, Kierkegaard, is against all kinds of theology.) And it comes to us from the time of the cathedrals—in a cathedrál-like form.

I wonder, nevertheless, whether in his preface, Mr. Pegis does not want us to fall prey to what we might call one form of retrospective illusion: Thomism was good in the thirteenth century; therefore, it is good now. This implies the very dubious major premise that what was good in the thirteenth century is good now.

But let us probe the minor premise, which says: St. Thomas was good—was good first from the point of view of the development of science. Mr. Pegis tries to persuade us that Platonism barred the way to science. But to what science, if any, did St. Thomas open the way? To a scholastic science which took the efforts of Bacon, Descartes, Pascal and many others to destroy, for it had to be destroyed. The Platonic École de Chartres, with its “physics without matter,” which excites Mr. Pegis’ ironic criticism, is not much worse than science after St. Thomas.

It is strange that the philosophy of Descartes—although he returned to the starting point of St. Augustine, that is the self, and nearly to his conception of ideas, and to St. Anselm’s proof of God, and so maintained some of the most authentic tenets of the so much suspected Platonism—allowed science to develop, which Aquinas did not.

Mr. Pegis acknowledges that there is bad science in St. Thomas and says very rightly: The question about science is not the whole question; the question is about philosophy. But if Thomism was good, as Mr. Pegis says, as compared with extreme Augustinianism on the one hand and Averroism on the other, we may still doubt whether it is of very much use today. He says that these doctrines dealt with issues which have remained the permanent problems of European philosophy. I doubt it.

The period when the church tried to impose Aristotelianism on her dogmas is a big dark corner in the history of philosophy (not without some bright rays in it). There are in Aristotle some beautiful analyses: for example, that of the multiplicity of the meanings of being. But let us *not* be persuaded that the fundamental distinctions between matter

and form, power and act, amount to anything more than the formulation in abstract terms of some half-refined common-sense notions. In this sense, Chesterton is amazingly right when he says, “Aristotelianism is a mere matter of ‘the cat sat on the mat’ being written in Chinese characters or ‘Mary had a little lamb’ in Egyptian hieroglyphics.”

Considering that the distinction between matter and form perverted all European philosophy up to and including Kant, is there any reason to think of it as having permanent value? Let us first notice that Aristotle could never solve the question: What is substance? If it were conceived of as form, this would have constituted a return to Platonism. If it were conceived of as the composite of matter and form, that would have been equivalent to doing away with the conception of substance. On the other hand, to say that substance is a composite with the form predominant would be naturally more satisfactory for Aristotle’s purposes, but not more capable of defense. Nor let us be deceived when we are told of a better concept in St. Thomas, as compared to Plato, of human intelligence. Nothing is so vain as the description of representation and abstraction in St. Thomas, which combines some false presuppositions of the Pre-Socratics (like is known by like) with the Aristotelian idea of the intelligible species.

We would find ourselves very near saying that probably it is a pity that the church, instead of keeping to the Platonic tradition and the mystical flights which it first followed (and from which it derived so much), turned to St. Thomas.

From the *Philebus* of Plato to Whitehead’s *Process and Reality* there is a beautiful highway which could have allowed us to avoid the Thomistic artificialities, the Cartesian bifurcation (which had been rendered necessary by Thomistic thought) and the Kantian new artificialities.

All turns finally on the interpretation of Platonism. Now we have strong reasons to suppose that Aristotle’s and the Thomists’ interpretation of Plato—not an easy philosopher—was all wrong. Let those who doubt it refer to the works of Burnet and Taylor among the English, Robin among the French, and Friedländer among the German writers.

According to Mr. Pegis, St. Thomas makes history philosophically intelligible. He gives the philosophic key to the history of Greek and Arabic philosophy. But what if it is a key fitted to a door that opens on an illusory vista? So we cannot be persuaded either that Aristotle’s philosophy was good in the thirteenth century, whether from the point of view of science or from the point of view of philosophy, or that it is good now. And the major premise is of no avail, since the minor premise appears more than doubtful.

Again according to Mr. Pegis, Aristotle, although right in principle, is wrong on some points. St. Thomas not only “saves what was permanently fine in the philosophy of Aristotle,” but “frees it from Aristotle’s errors and failures.” What were these failures? One was his not being able to affirm the creation of the world by God; another was his not being a believer in the God of Genesis. St. Thomas made Aristotle painless and useful for Christian thinkers.

¹ Basic Writings of Saint Thomas Aquinas. Edited and annotated, with an Introduction by Anton C. Pegis. New York: Random House. 2 volumes; 2,276 pages. \$6.

And now, having seen that we can neither follow Mr. Pegis or St. Thomas when they follow Aristotle, nor when they leave him, we may come to our conclusion. There are exercises for the Christian imagination (for the taming of the imagination in one sense, but nevertheless, intensifying it in another), the exercises of St. Ignatius. There are exercises also for the taming of the reason, but not intensifying it, rather dulling it—what we might call the exercises of St. Thomas. Those who need these exercises are ordinarily dissatisfied with what their reflection offers them, and find a refuge in this apparently magnificent and well ordered scheme, as in a shelter which looks from the outside like the very citadel of truth.

Naturally, everything has been done to render this philosophy acceptable. It is called by some an “existential philosophy,” because for St. Thomas the essence of God is being. He is said to place us “in the presence of the world.” But is this world, full of quiddities, intelligible species and so on, the real world?

Let us recall that some doctors of the church are richer than St. Thomas: St. Augustine first, but also the Greek Fathers, then Scotus Erigena, Bonaventure; and some bolder, like Duns Scotus, so much cherished and admired by Gerard Manley Hopkins. And if somebody wants a philosopher nearer Aristotle than those we have just cited, there is the master of St. Thomas, the originator of the Aristotelian-Christian system, Albert the Great, who presents it perhaps with more obscurity but in a thicker and denser form, to whom Étienne Gilson in his *La Philosophie au Moyen Age* renders full justice.

And now that we know Plato better, now that on the other hand we see with Bergson, with James, with Whitehead, and some others, a new philosophy about which it is very hard to say whether it is more Augustinian or more Averroistic, probably because it is neither one nor the other, why should we return to the Middle Ages, and particularly to St. Thomas?

There are no very satisfactory philosophical textbooks, either in the United States or in Europe. But are we to be punished for the inadequacy of the textbooks in our time, by being offered this monumental theological textbook written in the thirteenth century?

It may be useful, nevertheless, for one who can unravel its presuppositions: bits of transposed Platonic idealism (the whole theory of ideas and exemplars), fragments of Aristotelian semi-empiricism, the Christian scheme superimposed on the rationalistic scheme. The identification of the Platonic Good with the Biblical “I am who I am,” of the light in Plato with the light in the Psalms, the first definition of truth as authenticity, the vision borrowed from St. John Damascene, of God as an ocean of substance, the beautiful translation of the Aristotelian God, which is thought of Thought, into God’s understanding himself through himself, the richness of the knowledge of God—all that is not without grandeur. Nor is it without interest to see St. Thomas foreshadowing Kant (as Père Maréchal has very aptly shown), when he says that human intellect has for its first object the nature of the material thing. Yes, all that constitutes a useful exercise, but one reserved for very few. St. Thomas is for the man interested in the history of philosophy, rather than for him who wants philosophical food.

JEAN WAHL

Courage and Decency

American Guerrilla in the Philippines, by Ira Wolfert. New York: Simon and Schuster. 301 pages. \$2.75.

IRA WOLFERT, who is, among other things, a reformed drama critic, was even before Pearl Harbor coming to be recognized as a writer of exceptional promise. Now, after four years as a war correspondent, he is properly accepted by reviewers and public as not only one of the top members of that somewhat overcrowded profession but among the very few of them who seem unquestionably destined to occupy an important place in postwar American letters. His latest work, *American Guerrilla in the Philippines*, in which he tells the story of the undercover movement against the Japs on Leyte before the return of General MacArthur, offers convincing evidence of the extent of his skill and can be unreservedly set down as one of the most interesting and valuable personal narratives of the war.

There are various qualities that place Mr. Wolfert in his enviable position as both journalistic and creative writer—and I hasten to add that I see no reason why there should be any vast distinction between the critical importance of these two types of writing on their higher levels. For one thing, he is the possessor of a prose style which, while it still makes too many obeisances to Hemingway, is lucid, direct, forceful and straightforwardly dramatic. Even when he is demonstrating the Hemingway influence—and the instances are not frequent after his narrative has really got under way—his work continues to be sharp and personal and not the sort of wistful parody that is usual among those under the sway of the Master. When, in addition, he offers narrative skill, a gift for sharp characterization, a feeling for human beings that is warm and friendly but not sentimental, an original mind and a political sense which seems a sense and not something grimly worked for, there is reason why at the moment Wolfert stands with John Hersey and not many others as a war reporter whose postwar work will be awaited with interest.

In *American Guerrilla in the Philippines*, Wolfert is telling the story of Lieutenant Iliff David Richardson, a young American naval officer, who stayed behind on Leyte after Corregidor fell and his torpedo boat was sunk to help organize guerrilla activity there and provide intelligence for MacArthur’s returning army. At the outset it strikes the reader that the method of telling Lieutenant Richardson’s story in the first person and employing the sort of professional prose manner that is Wolfert rather than Richardson threatens to destroy the narrative’s air of authenticity and make it seem fictional rather than fact. It soon becomes clear, though, that the author’s skill is great enough to elude any such peril and that the decision to tell the Lieutenant’s adventures with frank literary skill was a wise one. The method not only makes for a more dramatic story and gives a far clearer picture of the sort of man Richardson is and the spirit of the guerrilla movement in which he participated than would any pretense of putting it all in the actual words of the Lieutenant, but in the end is more honest.

As sheer dramatic narrative and adventure tale, the book would be worth attention and praise. It is, however, even more valuable for the light it throws on guerrilla warfare itself, on the Filipinos as a people and on Lieutenant Rich-

ardson as man and archetype. Although it is a simple, personal story of high adventure, it becomes virtually a textbook on guerrilla organization, strategy and tactics, not only in the Philippines but in any country that has been the victim of an aggressor. As Wolfert says, his is a "how-to-do" book and in it you can find out not only how to make field artillery out of a brass pipe and a bullet out of a curtain rod but how partisan armies can be organized and equipped and under what conditions it is wise for them to fight.

Important as these matters are in guerrilla warfare, the attitude of the people in the land where this warfare is being carried on is even more vital. Without widespread popular support and approval, long and successful resistance is impossible, even though most of this support will be merely tacit, since the majority of any people wants merely to be let alone and cannot be counted on for active participation. In this respect the state of affairs in the Philippines was virtually ideal. The sympathy, encouragement and friendship for Americans shown by the Filipinos in our darkest days, the hardihood, courage and love of freedom, the willingness to sacrifice and the determination to resist, are an everlasting tribute not only to the people of the island commonwealth but to the Americans who, for all their frequent racial arrogance, had encouraged them in their faith in freedom and given them confidence in the decency of our motives.

It is not the book's contention that on our side everything was heroic. There was cowardice and treachery and time-serving. There were Filipinos and Americans who behaved in a manner to disgrace both their heritages. The guerrilla bands, particularly before they were coordinated, contained elements of banditry and gangsterism, as well as gallantry. There were fifth-columnists as well as patriots. It was the courage and decency that predominated, though, because those were the qualities that predominated in both the Filipinos and Americans. Then, too, our cause in the Philippines, as in all of the Far East, was aided by the fact that the Japs, after making a desperate preliminary effort to pose as the defenders of all Oriental peoples, promptly fell back into their old habits of savagery and sadistic bullying as soon as the going began to get rough.

American Guerrilla in the Philippines also has its touch of romance. The tale of the love between the Lieutenant and the pretty Filipino girl he calls Curly is the sort of thing that might well have given the work an unfortunate Hollywood aspect, despite its authenticity. It is so sensibly handled, however, that it never gets in the way and supplies an unobtrusive and rather engaging interlude. Of obviously greater interest, though, are the brief portraits of various adventurous Filipinos and Americans with whom Richardson came into contact and who help mightily to dramatize a splendid and significant episode in the history of two nations.

Finally, there is the portrait of Richardson himself. The Lieutenant was neither an adventurer nor a man of any deep political interests. As Wolfert says, his politics is the politics of a child. Essentially he is an average American, with the average American's concern with mechanical aptitude, his theoretical disinterest and his essential decency. It merely happened that his own lively intelligence and exuberance of spirit, combined with the chances of time and place, placed him in a position where his fine personal qualities could function magnificently. While he possesses character-

istic American qualities, he fortunately had them in a much higher than average degree in a crucial time, and so he becomes the proper hero of a fine American adventure.

RICHARD WATTS JR.

Art and Society

The Aesthetic Adventure, by William Gaunt. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 269 pages. \$3.

THIS BOOK is founded on the theory that the growth of Bohemianism and Art-for-Art's-Sake in post-Napoleonic France was a defensive reaction against the bourgeoisie which had no place for art in its scheme. The defense against rejection explains the hostility, the snobbery, the desperate craving for sensation of the esthetes; and William Gaunt comes even to speak of "the comparative happiness of irresponsibility" (a word we have recently heard from other knaves and fools). He then proceeds to his main story of the invasion of this attitude into England; he regards the "esthetic adventure" as the narrow lineage, always fecundated from France, of Whistler, Pater, Wilde, Moore, Beardsley, Symons, ending up, surprisingly, with Roger Fry's abstractionism. It is now, says he, all over, and "there was in total result a grain of beauty, impossible to weigh against the insignificant expenditure of lives."

All this is told with considerable ignorance, total eclipse of perspective and philosophy, and an irritating presumptuousness. The book breathes a kind of liberal tolerance combined with acceptance of the point of view of "society" that would be laudable if in fact there were such a unified society with a moral point of view, rather than the confusion torn by strong moral-revolutionary currents that actually exists. In this confusion, the "esthetic adventure" is by no means dead, and further, we see it allied, just as it was from the very beginning and *throughout its course*, with all other forces of economic and social criticism and political disgust. There never was any such isolated movement as this book abstracts for its subject. It is simply fantastic to write of Art-for-Art's-Sake without discussing also Fabianism, feminism, the critique of the factory system and of the debasement of communication in journalism and advertising. Relying on the conflict that arose from Whistler's crotchets and Ruskin's senility, Gaunt tries, for instance, to create a gulf between the esthetes on one hand and Ruskin and Morris on the other; yet these are parts of one revolt, often with identical propositions, against money-values, Victorian immorality and unnatural living. The difference is not that the bohemians had less social concern, but that they tried to practise with a millenarian immediacy what Morris still wrote of as utopian.

Let us return to the original theory of the defense against rejection. Does Gaunt think that a dominant class could be fundamentally sound which "had no place" for these artists in its scheme of society? But what if the bohemians revolted, in life and theory, precisely against the dominant errors and affirmed opposite truths? Then we should have to explain them at least in part, should we not, in terms of truth and nature; their isolation, jokes and snobbery were partly the behavior of sane, lively people in a depressing madhouse; and their comparative happiness was not altogether the result of irresponsibility, but partly the result of courage,

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honesty and independence. Rather than a reaction, the esthetes were heirs of the Revolution and the military aristocracy of the First Empire. In short, the one question that this author never asks himself is, "Were the ideas *true*? Were the paintings *achieved*?" May I remind him of the great principle of Hughlings Jackson, that one cannot explain a positive effect by a negative cause? For the most part he mentions no works at all, as if one could describe the lives of persons and omit the activity that most deeply engaged them and contained all of their influence.

As an example of the author's critical acumen, here is what he has to say of Wilde's paradoxes:

If the proverbial wisdom and accepted maxims were natural, then to convert wisdom into art it was only necessary to turn it upside down. . . . "If one tells the truth one is sure sooner or later to be found out." "One should be careful to choose one's enemies well." "Nothing succeeds like excess." . . . However simple the recipe . . . as truth is many-sided, it sometimes looked as if in reversing the accepted he had made an important discovery.

But the fact is that Wilde's sententiae are not paradoxes at all, but bald statements of what is the case in a repressed, false and conventional society. Thus the first sentence quoted refers to the pitiful fact that most people are simply unable to believe that a man is serious and means what he says; the second means that where people are not motivated by love, at least their hatred is reliable; the third says that where the standards of the mean are conventional, the extreme still has natural force. One would not gather from the author's description of these recipes that Wilde's *Intentions* is an acute, earnest and dialectically brilliant refutation of the position of Matthew Arnold, setting against Arnold's ideal of the synoptic, unifying truth the brutal fact that in a time when the actual social unity consists of greed and timidity, the true man is known by the flexibility with which he assumes masks.

PAUL GOODMAN

Blueplate Gospel

September Remember, by Eliot Taintor. New York: Prentice-Hall, Inc. 322 pages. \$2.75.

OF ALL THE METHODS devised by state, clergy or medical profession for curing alcoholism—prohibition, imprisonment, will power, electric shock, etc.—none has ever been so popular or so highly publicized as Alcoholics Anonymous. And so far as the limited aim is concerned of helping people deprive themselves of alcohol, there seems no doubt that the popularity is deserved.

Where other methods tend to say, "Now you are cured; go back to your life," this voluntary association of 15,000 members is unique in offering not a "cure" so much as a "life." Not drinking becomes in itself an absorbing occupation, providing fellowship, prestige and—in spite of an absurd body of crude medico-religious dogma—a very real communal faith. Obviously no one can give up a symptom without finding at least a partial satisfaction for its cause, which in this case is intricately related to the social structure. It is no indictment of the method itself, therefore, to criticize the kind of life celebrated by AA, or to suggest that what really goes on bears no relation to the blueplate values offered as explanation and inducement. These are not peo-

ple driven to self-denial because of any deep awareness of interpersonal failure or spiritual emptiness in their lives; usually they have found that alcohol was threatening such real possessions as job, family or the deference paid them by the less addicted. It is hardly surprising if the compensatory social life which they achieve together must be glorified by women's-magazine, phrases and lodge-meeting principles.

The advantage of the present 300-page pamphlet (disguised as a pulp-style novel) over the shorter booklets distributed free by AA, lies in its detailed revelations of group activity. While the formal weekly meetings are devoted to inspirational talks by ex-alcoholics, coffee is drunk in no blue-nose spirit; good fellowship abounds ("You can get that sense of abandon without liquor"). AA members feel a natural solidarity; the way they would "get up and talk at meetings, really let their hair down, made other contacts seem thin and superficial. Other people shadowy." And while AA insists that it has no ambition to impose sobriety on the nation, its members feel a natural willingness to share their benefits with any applicant. They are "on call," so to speak, day and night, answering requests for aid or enlightenment from strangers or back-sliding fellows. Each member is at once both patient and physician: only from a fellow alcoholic can they receive that acceptance, without condescension, which society has withheld. As physician, setting an example to others, they have an incentive toward sobriety, but it seems to me they gain something more valuable as well: the privilege of adult responsibility without its full rigors. They feel free to become a child—or patient—again, whenever necessary. But in practice, of course, this dual role must cause some paralyzing inter-alcoholic confusions—depending on who is treating whom at the moment. Prestige is gained primarily through one's success in not drinking; second, through one's talent for mutual aid. Occasionally an unregenerate member is subjected to social ostracism. ("But probably every field has its lunatic fringe.")

One assumption is that only an alcoholic can understand an alcoholic. Within obvious limits this is true, but the quality of understanding is rather doubtful. Tag-lines of popular psychiatry, which serve as passwords in the organization, also serve to prevent any first-hand insight, while non-psychiatric understanding seems on an equally debased level. There is perhaps a fortunate discrepancy, however, between the "religious" flavor of the pamphlets and the actual beliefs and practices deducible from the novelistic dialogue. The "Greater Power" so earnestly invoked in print is the kind of genteel deity, heavily infused with Buchmanism and popular science, to which a smart advertising man might subscribe in a mawkish moment. This has little to do with the prevailing faith, a strong group loyalty, which activates AA members and undoubtedly supplies another missing factor in their lives. A good sociologist might learn a great deal about our present society by watching the operations of this paradox: the social values that have, to some degree, driven the alcoholic to drink, are here recreated in microcosm but with enough empiric differences, apparently, to act as an effective substitute for drinking. Even with its preposterous rag-bag of theory, AA has something of communicable value to offer the social sciences, but so far no psychiatrist has been enough of a sociologist, and no sociologist enough of a psychiatrist, to discover what it is.

LESLIE H. FARBER, M. D.

Ernst Himself

The Best Is Yet, by Morris L. Ernst. New York: Harper and Brothers. 291 pages. \$3.

THIS SPRAWLING, lively book is the authentic voice of Morris Ernst, the tireless, voluble, hospitable New York attorney, friend of civil liberties, foe of monopolies, patron of café society and walking encyclopedia of the great and near-great of his time. Into it he has dumped all his interests—his family, his uninformed but keen interest in science, his deep-sea sailing, Nantucket, Mr. Justice Brandeis; half a dozen historic battles against censorship. The law was a perfect profession for this man who raises gregariousness and volubility to the level of high arts; and New York was the perfect place, dripping as it is with celebrities and others, who need advice, criticism, comment, suggestion, collaboration—or if they don't, they had better stop up their ears and run. The past is the wrong tense, of course, with which to speak of Morris Ernst, who is at the top of his form as he writes this highly premature autobiography, crusading against monopoly in the realm of ideas, plotting panels of distinguished laymen to offset the possibly too-harsh judgment of professional drama critics, building furniture in his carpentry shop, chatting with President Roosevelt in Washington one day and visiting Eisenhower (with good reason, of course) at SHAEF the next.

There is a small garden carnivore whose life tension is so high that it must consume its own body weight in food every 24 hours to survive; Morris Ernst, whose basal metabolism must be at least plus 150, has somewhat the

same problem. Or to vary the figure to another which combines his own biological and nautical interests, he is like the whale which scoops up whole schools of fish at a gulp: except that being harder than the whale, Morris needs no screening device in his throat to reject the non-digestible. For his catholic interest, the non-digestible simply does not exist. A man so vivid and dynamic of course has made enemies as well as friends; but on the whole his enemies are not "people on our side." Certainly Morris Ernst is no radical; the Communists don't like him, and vice versa. He still believes that competition is a useful social tool, especially in the realm of ideas; his ideas are as old-fashioned, in general, as those of Thomas Jefferson—and as up-to-date. Knowing him well is like knowing Niagara Falls well; personally, I find it refreshing, and his book the same, inasmuch as it is an accurate and vivid representation of the man.

BRUCE BLIVEN

A Reader's List

PLANNING No. 233. Output and the Worker (Political and Economic Planning. Available through the *New Republic*, 25 cents). Restriction of production by workers is a common industrial phenomenon. Recognizing that "a society whose members are deliberately or unconsciously giving less than their best is on a very unsound basis," PEP here examines the origins and causes of output limitation. The broadsheet summarizes the well known studies of industrial behavior made by M. G. Dickson, W. Williams, S. B. Mathewson and M. H. Vernon, and concludes that the most significant factors are basically psychological. Fear of unemployment

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and fear of cuts in wage rates have created the "jump-work" fallacy. So long as this condition exists, so long will progressive economic expansion be hampered. PEP suggests greater coöperation between management and labor, yet the obvious solution is full employment. This is one situation in which psychology must look to social economics.

THE CIVILIZATION OF THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, by Jacob Burckhardt (Oxford, \$2.50). The Phaidon Press reprints this classic work of the great Swiss historian in a convenient and attractive form, with 100 illustrations, selected and explained by Ludwig Goldscheider. A tribute to wartime British bookmaking, it is quite the best current value on the American book market.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

PEARLS BEFORE SWINE, by Margery Allingham (Crime Club, \$2). Albert Campion, back in England after three years' service overseas, should have given his London apartment a miss, for there, practically waiting for him as you might say, is a corpse. What with his wonderful factotum, Lugg, and an old pal, Johnny Carados, involved in the murder, Campion postpones his leave long enough to uncover a very pretty sabotage plot and a clever murderer. Unlikely, but a lot of fun.

MONEY TO BURN, by Helen Woodward (McKay, \$2). What started the fire in the cashier's cage in Trister's furniture store, and who took the \$8,000 that vanished during the excitement? Then, almost immediately, murder follows the theft. Suspects are so plentiful that the likable private investigator, Dan King, has quite a time getting to the bottom of the complicated relationships which led to the crime. Mrs. Woodward's essay into the detective-story field is marked by incisive writing, good characters and a tricky plot.

E. H.

Contributors

- THOMAS F. REYNOLDS has been White House correspondent for the *Chicago Sun* since that paper was founded. Before that he was for some years White House correspondent for the *United Press*. In 1943 he worked with former Governor Herbert Lehman in the State Department establishing the Office of Foreign Relief.
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- ROBERT G. SPIVACK is a political reporter for the *New York Post* and a frequent contributor to the *New Republic* on New York politics.
- ROBERT MARIS is the pseudonym of the editor of a medical publication.
- JEAN WAHL, professor of Philosophy at the Sorbonne, is the author of books on Plato, Hegel, Kierkegaard and the pluralistic philosophies. He was imprisoned in Paris by the Germans and spent some time in a concentration camp in 1941. At present he is visiting professor at Mount Holyoke College and has held the same position at Smith College.
- RICHARD WATTS JR., former drama critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*, was a foreign correspondent for that paper in the Far East, Russia and Spain. He was head of the Office of War Information in Dublin in 1942-43 and recently resigned as editor-in-chief of the same organization in China, where he spent a year.
- PAUL GOODMAN, novelist, poet and critic, is the author, among other books, of *The Grand Piano*. A collection of short stories, *The Facts of Life*, will be published in June by The Vanguard Press.
- LESLIE H. FARBER, M.D., formerly of Washington, D. C., is at present chief of the psychiatric service at the United States Marine Hospital in Norfolk, Va.

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